McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

VOL. XLVII | SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22 1910 | NO. 37

AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT NEAR NORWICH LAST NIGHT.

New Buick Car Goes Over Embankment Along Road.

FOUR OCCUPANTS WERE INJURED.

Car Owned by a Mr. Funcheon and Accident was Due, it is Said, to His Limited Knowledge of Driving—With Three Ladies He was Returning From Olean, N. Y.—None of the Party Injured Seriously — Car Slightly Damaged.

A new Buick automobile, driven by a young man named Funcheon, went over a steep embankment on the Potato creek road a short distance above the residence of O. D. Gallup at Norwich corners at 10 o'clock last night.

Mr. Funcheon with his mother and two other ladies and an infant, whose names the Miner could not learn, were returning to their homes at the new Goodyear lumber town from Olean where they had spent the day. At the point where the accident happened the car struck a rut and slued at a dangerous angle to one side of the highway. It was here that the driver lost his control of machine and the occupants were thrown out violently and the car swerved to the opposite side of the road and went over the embankment. Mr. Funcheon succeeded in getting out and the automobile crashed down the steep hill several hundred feet to the bottom.

Aid was summoned and Dr. Chadwick of this borough called. The physician made a quick trip to the scene in his automobile.

It was found that all the members of the party had sustained painful injuries and were badly bruised by being thrown to the ground, while Mr. Funcheon's mother, who is 60 years of age received a fractured rib, in addition to other hurts. While the aged lady is severely hurt her condition is not such as to give cause for alarm, while the other members of the party will soon recover from their unpleasant experience.

The car was considerably damaged but can be repaired.

Taken altogether the accident was most fortunate in its termination. Mr. Funcheon had purchased the car but recently and had just been getting so he could operate it.

ENTERTAINMENT COURSE.

Smethport Fire Department Has Arranged to Present Fine Line of Attractions at Lyceum.

Recently a representative of the Antrim Entertainment Bureau visited Smethport for the purpose of having the local fire department present a course of the company's entertainments druing the coming season, on the profit sharing basis.

The representative was present at a regular meeting of the department and stated his proposition which was a liberal one, to the members assembled. The plan was received with much favor by the department and resulted in a committee being appoint, with power to act.

This committee has been negotiating with the company and as a result have been able to secure five of the Antrim company's finest attractions for the course at terms entirely agreeable to the fire department.

Contracts have been signed, advertising matter has arrived and the entertainments will be presented at the Lyceum during the coming winter.

Smethport has had entertainment courses before but this is without a doubt one of the finest ever presented in this section. The Antrim Co. maintains one of the largest lecture bureaus in the country and their entertainment companies are the very best in the business. Smethport is to secure the pick of these.

Following is the fine list of attractions secured:

Lyceum Dramatic Company, presenting either "Paid in Full," "The Witching Hour," or "The Grand Army Man," October 14th, 1910.

Chicago Ladies' Orchestra, choice selections of vocal and instrumental music, November 27, 1910.

Mr. Claude N. Bennett, illustrated lecture on the Panama Canal, January 3rd, 1911.— Mr. Bennett has been on the ground and has been a close observer of operations in the Canal Zone. He is a scientist of note and his observations are recognized by leading scientific journals and the United States government.

Caveny & Company, Clay Moulder, Cartoonist and Impersonator, Feb. 16, 1911.

Trier Sisters, Concert and Operatic Quinteete, April 7th, 1911.

Season tickets for this superb course of entertainments are being printed and will be placed on sale during the next week and can be obtained for the sum of $1.00. This is an absurdly low figure for the course, but the price has been placed at such a reasonable figure with the idea that it will be within reach of all and enough tickets disposed of to more than offset what would be realized if they were sold at the prices they bring in other places.

Everybody should buy at least one of the tickets and help along a worthy cause. The local fire department which is conceded one of the best in this section of the State, practically maintains itself and it is seldom our citizens are asked for aid. In fact conditions have been, in years gone by, just the opposite from this rule. Now they are providing something well worth the money by which they can realize some benefit for themselves. Your support is merited and the firemen need the money.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST HERE.

John Dodge of This Borough Related to Several of Those Democrats Elected Up in Maine.

Maine went Hell bent on Monday of last week, not Republican as it has since the mind of man runneth not to the contrary; but by some queer combination of circumstances this rock ribbed Republican State, the very hot bed of the G. O. P. went Democratic by a safe majority, for the first time in its history. A Democratic Governor was elected, both houses of the legislature will be Democratic, insuring a Democratic U. S. Senator to succeed Eugene Hale, and the various county tickets of the unterrified ones were victorious.

Most of these facts are pretty generally, if not too well, known from press dispatches last week. But a fact that is not so well known, and is of considerable local interest in Smethport is the relationship several of the successful candidates bear to John Dodge of this borough, one of the proprietors of the Wright House.

Frederick W. Plaisted of Augusta, Maine, Democrat, who was elected Governor over Bert Fernald, the present Republican incumbent by over 8,000 majority, is a brother-in-law of Mr. Dodge.

Hon. H. W. Dodge of Clinton, Maine, who was elected to the State Senate by a substantial majority, is Mr. Dodge's brother.

A cousin of Mr. Dodge, also a Democrat, won out in a strong Republican county, for sheriff.

Literally speaking our esteemed townsman is quite highly connected with the new State of affairs in Maine.

MORE INFANTILE PARALYSIS.

East Smethport Child is Fifth to Be Seized with Malady in This Vicinity.

A four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Stilson of East Smethport is the fifth victim reported in this section of the dreaded disease, which is so prevalent in the State at the present time, infantile paralysis.

The child was seized over a week ago and it did not take long to determine that she was suffering from this peculiar malady, as the case was a most severe one.

The little girl was in a precarious condition last week, althought the acute stage has now passed.

It is now thought she will recover although both her limbs are paralyzed. Dr. Hamilton is attending the case.

BADLY BURNED.

Little Son of a Former Smethport Family is in a Critical Condition.

Ernest Theetge, the 7-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Wade Theetge, formerly of Smethport, but now of Allegany, N. Y., received serious burns about the back and hip while at play with some other children last Friday. A number of matches which he carried in his hip pocket became ignited and his clothing started to burn, with the result that the child's flesh was burned to a crisp. His condition is reported as serious.

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POPULAR YOUNG COUPLES UNITED IN MARRIAGE.

Grooms are Well Known Smethport Gentlemen.

SURPRISED THEIR MANY FRIENDS.

On Saturday Mr. William Olson Was Married to Miss Frideborg Pearson at Buffalo, N. Y.—Yesterday Elmer Raymer, Son of Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Raymer of this Borough, Was Wedded to Miss Sadie Hall of Allegany, N. Y., at That Place.

At Buffalo, N. Y., Saturday, September 17, 1910, occurred the marriage of Mr. William Olson of Smethport and Miss Frideborg Pearson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Pearson, of Sweden, Rev. C. J. Algott of that city, performing the nuptial ceremony.

The wedding was a quiet one and Mr. and Mrs. Oleson returned home Monday.

The groom is the junior member of the firm of Engstrom & Olson, jewelers, of this borough, and during his residence here has made hosts of friends. He is a young man of exemplary habits and is one of the town's most substantial young business men.

The bride is reported as being a charming young lady of many accomplishments, who has spent much of her time during the past two years in foreign travel.

Mr. and Mrs. Olson will be at home after Oct. 1st at the residence of S. W. Hubbard on King street.

The Miner will unite with hosts of friends in extending congratulations on this auspicious occasion.

At the home of Mrs. George Hall at Allegany, N. Y., yesterday, Wednesday, Sept. 21, 1910, at noon, occurred the marriage of Mrs. Hall's daughter, Miss Sadie Durand Hall, to Mr. Francis Elmer Raymer, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Raymer of Cemetery street, this borough. Rev. Hugh Boyd of the M. E. church said the words that united the destinies of this popular young couple.

This marriage came as a pleasant surprise to the groom's, hosts of friends in Smethport. He is a fine young man in every sense of the word. For some time past he has held a responsible position as bookkeeper in the B. & S. railroad offices at Galeton, Pa.

The bride is a young lady who is justly popular with a large circle of friends and admirers in her home town.

The marriage was a quiet one, only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties being present. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Raymer left for a bridal tour which will include Cleveland and Toledo, Ohio, and Detroit, Mich., after which they will make their home in Galeton.

The Miner, in common with many friends, tenders best wishes to this happy couple.

LOST AN EYE.

Carl Hector Met With Bad Accident in Chicago.

Carl Hector, of this borough, returned home the latter part of last week from the west, where he has been located for several months past.

Mr. Hector left here in April for Chicago where he had accepted employment in a plant on the American Steel Co. as a tool maker.

He had worked just three days when he met with a bad accident. A sledge with which he was provided to work was defective and in striking a blow, a particle of iron flew off the impliment and struck Mr. Hector in the left eye, and lodged near his brain, narrowly escaping inflicting a fatal wound.

He was taken to a hospital where it was necessaary to remove the optic and he was confined at the institution for several weeks.

After convalescing he went to Minnesota and Montana where he has been located since.

The young man, not wishing to concern his parents never made them or anybody else here, familiar with his misfortune until his return home, otherwise sound in health.

He has instituted suit against the company for large damages and his case appears to be a good one.

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CIVIL COURT ADJOURNED SATURDAY.

Mrs. Cobb Received Verdict Against Corydon Township.

WAS AWARDED $4,800 DAMAGES.

Case Arose Out of Death of Her Husband, Caused by Accident on Highway—Jury Taken to the Scene—John Scanlon Refused Verdict Against W. N. Y. & P. Traction Company—Other Cases Disposed Of.

Civil court adjourned Saturday after a busy session at the court house in this borough. The case of Mrs. Anne Cobb vs. Corydon township, which was started last Thursday morning proved to be one of the most important tried.

The action arose out of Mrs. Cobb's husband being killed in an accident on the macadam road on the West Branch, about a year ago. Mr. Cobb, who resided in Corydon township, had spent the day in Bradford and had started to drive home after darkness had fallen. While passing over an embankment along the highway his horses shied and the rig with its driver rolled down into a ravine. Cobb was instantly killed. The plaintiff alleged that the supervisors of Corydon township were negligent in not providing a railing to protect a dangerous spot in the highway and should pay damages for her husband's death.

Thursday morning the following jury was selected to try the case: George Besse, Kane; B. Dunn, Eldred; L. R. Kightlinger, Gardeau; John O'Brien, Port Allegany; Arch Ross, Kane; James McDade, Kane; A. M. Wood, Ceres; D. M. Manning, Port Allegany; F. J. Bockmeir, Mt. Jewett; M. E. Healy, Mt. Alton; Ralph B. Cushing, Bradford; and Jesse Coleman, Port Allegany.

In the afternoon it was decided to send the jury to the scene of the accident and they left on the 2:20 Kushequa train for Bradford under charge of H. E. Tuft of this borough, who was appointed special officer. They journeyed to Corydon township where they investigated the condition of the highway and returned to Bradford and spent the night, having missed their train.

The case of A. G. Black vs. the Pennsylvania Saving Fund and Loan association and Mrs. Mattie B. Goss, an action in ejectment, was disposed of by agreement between the parties interested, a verdict for the defendants being given.

The case of John Bartley vs. the Erie Railroad company has been settled out of court. Mr. Bartley sought damages from the railroad company for property destroyed by fire, which it was claimed, had been started by sparks from an Erie locomotive.

The suits of the Duquesne Amusement Supply Co. vs. E. R. Caldwell, T. B. Breakey and A. R. Simons; Bradford Brewing Co. vs. Mike Ross and Hill Publishing Co. vs. Williamson Vise Co., were all continued.

The action of John C. Scanlon of Bradford against the W. N. Y. & P. Traction Co. for damages, was started. Scanlon it was claimed was thrown from one of the company's cars some time ago by reason of the car starting up before he had gotten off. He sustained bad injuries and wanted damages.

Friday morning, the Cobb jury returned to court and the day was spent in hearing that case.

The Scanlon damage suit resulted in a verdict by the jury, in favor of the W. N. Y. & P. Traction Co., the defendants of the case.

Saturday morning the case of Mrs. Anna Cobb was given to the jury. That body returned a verdict, awarding the woman $4,800 damages against the township.

The aforesaid county will, it is understood, through its attorneys, make application for a new trial.

It is also said that the decision in the Lovitz case against the DuPont Powder company, is not to have the effect of preventing further ligitation against the company on account of the explosion on School street, Bradford. Other cases will be tried later for other victims.

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GORTON'S MINSTRELS.

Were at Lyceum Last Monday Evening.

Gorton's Famous Minstrels were greeted with a fair sized and fairly pleased audience at the Lyceum Monday evening.

The attraction is under a new management this year, although Jos. Gorton who founded the show 40 years ago travels with the company.

The show just recently opened for the season and owing to many disappointments in people engaged failing to put in an appearance the performance has evidently been arranged to meet the circumstances, for the time being. As it is the vocal contingent is good, and overlooking a slight lack of numbers, the first part is satisfactory.

The comedy contingent is passable, Lew Briggs is clever in his work in the first part and got the desired number of laughs. Happy Jim Kennedy's work in the circle was strangely reminiscent of Geo. Primrose. But his efforts were excellent until he perpetrated an alleged monologue on the unsuspecting audience in the olio and for that he will never be forgiven. Likewise for the part he played with Lew Briggs in inflicting a blackface afterpiece in the olio that was played in pantomine before the days of Methusalah. The memories brought back by the rejuvenation of this worn out skit were actually painful.

Vonder and Bellmare, comedy acrobats, who closed the show were just about as clever a team as has ever appeared in this place. Their work is away above of the average of that presented by many of the leading artists in this line. They have some classy and sensational stunts up their sleeve which they execute in a manner leaving no room for improvement.

The company puts on a parade at noon and the band which renders concerts at mid-day and in the evening, is good.

The show presented this year does not yet come any where near coming up to the Gorton standard.

DEATH CAME SUDDENLY.

Jerry Sullivan Expired From Heart Disease Saturday Night.

Jerry Sullivan died suddenly at the home of Chris. McCarthy on East street about midnight Saturday night. The man was preparing to retire for the night and, while sitting on the edge of the bed he was suddenly stricken without warning and death resulted almost immediately. Dr. Ostrander was summoned but life had become extinct before the arrival of the physician. Death was due to heart failure. Mr. Sullivan had sustained like attacks before and his condition was further debilitated by miner's asthma, from which he was a great sufferer.

He was born in St. Marys, Pa., and was 46 years of age, and single. Up to recently he followed the occupation of a miner.

He came to Smethport in June and has since been making his home with and working for, his brother-in-law, Chris. McCarthy. Besid a his sister, Mrs. McCarthy, he is survived by his mother, Mrs. Patrick Kirk, of Snowshoe, Pa., and another sister residing in Snoeshoe.

The funeral was held at St. Elizabeth's church at 9 o'clock yesterday morning, Rev. J. F. Dugan officiating, and interment was made in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

BARN BURNED.

Structure Was Owned by Gilbert Moody of Moody Hollow.

The barn of Gilbert Moody, located in Moody Hollow, near this borough, was totally destroyed by fire Sunday night.

Saturday threshing was done at the barn and all the grain resulting, together with a large quantity of hay, wagons, farming implements and other tools, stored in the stricture, were destroyed. The loss is placed at $2,000 on which there was $1,000 insurance.

The fire started in the loft and so rapidly did the flames spread, that when the blaze was discovered it had gained such progress that nothing could be done to save the building or remove any of the contents.

It is thought that the barn was struck by lightning as three sharp flashes occurred just before the fire was discovered.

CONVENTION OF THE COUNTY W. C. T. U.

Was Held in Bradford on Thursday and Friday.

MRS. HEINEMAN MADE PRESIDENT.

Officers Were Elected, Superintendents Were Appointed and Much Business Transacted at Convention —Another Gathering to be Held in May—President Delivers Stirring Address.

The 55th annual convention of the W. C. T. U. of McKean county was held at the Asbury M. E. church, Bradford, on Thursday and Friday of last week and much business was transacted.

On Friday the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. B. W. Heineman of Colegrove; vice president, Mrs. Moody of Rixford; corresponding secretary, Mrs. B. H. Green, Bradford; recording secretary, Mrs. Sullivan, of Duke Center, and treasurer, Miss Minnie Given of Rixford.

At the meeting of the executive committee held Thursday it was decided to hold a two days' session in May at a place to be decided later.

The following county superintendents were appointed:

Anti-Narcotics—Mrs. J. C. Looker of Rixford.

Evangelistic—Mrs. Julia Drehmer.

Fair and Open Air Meetings—Mrs. Paul P. Lyon.

Flower Mission Work—Mrs. Lila Kane of Kane.

Work Among Foreigners — Mrs. Bertha Skoogland of Kane.

Legislative—Mrs. Ora Moody of Rixford.

Loyal Temperance Legion—Mrs. Bertha Hunter of Bradford.

Medal Contests—Mrs. Jennie McConnell of Bradford.

Medical Temperance—Mrs. Carrie DeYoung of Kane.

Mercy—Mrs. E. A. Holden of Port Allegany.

Press—Mrs. Emma B. Parshall of Colegrove.

Prison and Jail Work—Mrs. Chadwick of Smethport.

Railroad Work—Mrs. Z. Keltz.

Sunday Observance—Mrs. Ada Burton of Bradford.

School Saving Banks—Mrs. Pomeroy of Port Allegany.

Scientific Temperance Instruction—Mrs. Lila Kane of Kane.

Social Work and Red Letter Days—Mrs. E. K. Kane of Kushequa.

Soldiers and Sailors—Mrs. E. T. Latshaw of Bradford.

Sunday Schools—Mrs. Ada Cory of

(Continued on page 4.)

NOT PEROZZOLI.

Italian Captured in Chicago Was Not Limestone Murderer.

It has been found that the Italian who was arrested in Chicago, suspected of being the murderer of Archie Freeman at Limestone was not the man wanted and he has been exonerated.

Sheriff Wheaton of Cattaraugus county and a man who was acquainted with the man wanted went to Chicago to identify the prisoner. While the fellow bore a striking resemblance to the Limestone murderer, the sheriff and his companion could not positively identify him.

They returned to Little Valley and Constable Fay of Limestone, who had known Perozzoli for two years, was sent on to Chicago with the understanding that his identification should prove final.

Friday evening Sheriff Wheaton received a telegram from Fay after much delay and misunderstanding stating that the prisoner was not Perozzoli.

The dispatches from Chicago published last week giving the account of the arrest of the suspect were inaccurate in stating that the man walked into police headquarters to ask question and was recognized by Italian detectives and placed under arrest. The Chicago police had been instructed by the officials of Cattaraugus county to be on the lookout for Perozzoli, as it had been learned that he had friends and relatives in that city and it was thought probable that he might go there. The police located Perozzoli's friends and watched them and when, one day the man who was detained made his appearance with the men under surveillance he was promptly placed under arrest.

The Canton Man

A Tale of South China

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Dr. Osmond sat on the veranda of his bungalow trying to be content in the knowledge that his enforced rest from the daily grind of his Hongkong practice was proving very beneficial to his health as well as to his projected book on "Chinese Temple Ruins." And because the famous Leu chuou temple ruins were in the neighborhood he had gone no farther north than the coast town of Ko-Ngan.

Within the jasmine draped veranda all was dark save the red glow of the doctor's cigar. Overhead the great punkah fan swayed to and fro, stirring the air into refreshing coolness.

A sampan bumped against the little landing, and there came the slap-slap of bare running feet on the ground outside, then the gate in the garden wall creaked slowly on its hinges, a shadowy form flitted up the path between the oleanders and flung itself in a crumpled heap at the foot of the steps and somebody's long cue struck the floor like the snap of a whiplash.

"Well, what's the matter?" asked the doctor sharply. "Who is it?"

The great doctor's contemptible servant whose honored father"— the whine died away in a choking sob.

Dr. Osmond half rose to his feet. "You are the Canton man who called me to town yesterday? Your father is worse?"

"Nay, the great foreign doctor cured my revered father of a fever," whined the Chinese. "Newt's eye and an owl's membrane were of no avail, but the black medicine of the foreign lord brought my parent to life.

"I am grateful to the great physician. I would reward him generously for saving my father's life. I am a poor man, but I have knowledge that may repay the great lord for his goodness," whined the Canton man.

"I want no reward, my man. I am glad your father is better. Do you want some more of the black medicine?"

"No more medicine is needed. My father is well and happy. The foreign doctor is interested in the ruins of the temple in the walnut grove?"

"Yes."

"He has perhaps wondered what became of the sacred image of the Goddess of Mercy whose fame is on every tongue, but whose face has never been looked upon since the earth dragon shook down the temple a century ago?"

"By Jove, yes." The doctor leaned forward eagerly.

"He has perhaps heard of the priceless jewels hung upon the sacred form —offerings from royal pilgrims of many ages. He has heard of the great emerald that a son of heaven took from his royal brow and placed in the hand of the Goddess of Mercy? The great foreign physician would like to see all these splendors and perhaps choose some for himself?"

"Your story sounds incredible, and yet—can you take me to the ruins now?"

"Yes. It is but a few steps to the walnut grove."

"Wait then, while I make ready." Still skeptical as to the truth of the native's story, Dr. Osmond equipped himself with cap and stout oaken stick from the rack. In the breast pocket of his white coat was another weapon without which he never traveled in this country of doubtful friends—small and heavy and shining and very deadly looking when one faced its muzzle.

The doctor lighted a paper lantern for the Canton man, and this augmented by the white triangular ray from his electric pocket lamp, lighted their way through the garden to a gate in the south wall that gave into a tangled field.

On the farther side of the field the walnut grove loomed blackly.

Under the trees the doctor and his guide picked their way among the crumbling columns and scattered stones of the fallen temple.

Suddenly the Chinese paused and swung his lantern about with a swift circular movement, lighting up heaps of broken rocks and columns, rough and forbidding, just as they had fallen. He beckoned to Osmond, and the latter, ignoring his back and followed his guide through an opening among the debris that grew larger as they advanced. The ground sloped suddenly, and he felt several stone steps beneath his feet. He paused while the Chinese lifted a slab of stone and then another and motioned him forward.

"If the great lord will go on ahead, his servant will arrange the opening that we may have air."

Nothing loath, Osmond moved down three shallow steps and found himself in a small chamber choked with debris. Before he could look around there was the dull clang of falling stone, and he rushed up the steps only to knock his head against the stone that covered the entrance.

It did not need the derisive cries of the Canton man to reveal to Dr. Osmond that he had been the victim of a very flimsy plot. His threats and commands only brought forth insults from the lips of the Chinese.

"Ah—foreign devil doctor—you cast the evil eye upon my father, and he died this morning! He is dead, and the black medicine killed him! Ah—ai—ai!" screamed the furious man through the crack between the stones.

Osmond placed the muzzle of his revolver to the crack and said, "Lift this stone or I will kill you!" And when there was no reply save a wild sobbing laugh the Englishman pulled the trigger.

Above the noise of the explosion the doctor heard a shriek of pain that diminished as the Canton man fled from the scene, leaving him alone in the underground prison house with little chance of escape.

After a vain endeavor to lift the stones that walled him in he retraced his way down the steps and turned the rays of his lamp about the chamber.

The image of the Goddess of Mercy, filling two-thirds of the space, was propped slantingly against one wall, revealing tarnished splendors of paint and gilding; the staring, supercilious eyes were of painted porcelain, but nowhere was there a trace of the precious gems with which tradition had loaded the image.

There was a movement on the outstretched hand of the Goddess of Mercy, and Osmond started violently; a small, venomous snake inched its way up the arm and disappeared over the shoulder. He turned the light rapidly here and there, and then he understood the full sweetness of the Canton man's revenge, while the skin about his temples seemed to shrink with terror.

The rays of the lamp fell on countless writhing forms of serpents.

The flashing of the light seemed to rouse the reptiles to greater anger; they hissed loudly until he snapped it out, but the horror of total darkness overcame this other fear, and he turned it on again, the lense fixed on the fallen image.

If he got out alive he would have rich material for his book. This underground chamber could tell him many things once rid of its occupants. But he would never get out alive, so it would be of no use to him! He laughed bitterly, and the sound echoed weirdly among the rocks. There was a quick rustling—and the serpents had disappeared!

If he could keep them away by shouting he would do so, and at the same time he might be heard. But that was absurd, for all his native servants were arrant cowards, and there was no foreigner nearer than the town. All at once he remembered that two officers from the British cruiser in the harbor were to spend the evening with him. Might they wonder at his absence and look for him? He, who was never a praying man, called upon God to send his friends that way. Then he lifted his voice and shouted their names again and again.

By and by when he was tired silence reigned in the chamber; one by one the snakes came back and stared at him with lidless watching eyes. He gazed at the porcelain orbs of the Goddess of Mercy and thought how little mercy there was in her disciple, the Canton man!

The serpents were becoming obnoxious again, and this time he pulled out his revolver and aimed at the tiny viper in the outstretched hand. There was the sharp tinkle of shattered porcelain and when the smoke settled down to the floor the Goddess of Mercy still thrust forth an arm, but the hand was broken; on the floor among the crushed fingers lay the straight slim body of the dead viper.

Osmond leaned forward and peered at the half palm extended toward him. His eyes distended and his breath came sharply. The hand was hollow, and poised on the broken edge was something that gleamed strangely in the lamplight! The emperor had been no fool who had placed his offering within the hand of the Goddess of Mercy! The doctor stretched forth a hand and, with unbelieving eyes, touched the sparkling green stone; it fell into his palm and nestled there, while he gloated over it. Reaction came when he remembered that he was a prisoner until death!

He shouted again and again. He lifted his weapon and shot the porcelain eyes from the staring image. He shot at the other hand and saw that it was wood. He shot at the hissing serpents and drove them away from the stone steps, and then he mounted the steps and tried to throw a flash of light through the crack of the flagstones.

At last there was a distant shout—an English shout—and he shouted in return; he reloaded his weapon and fired recklessly through the cracks and he flashed his light repeatedly. The shouts grew nearer, and he recognized the voices of the naval visitors he had expected.

When they found him his own eager hands helped to lift the stones of his prison. Briefly they told of their visit to the bungalow and their wonder at his absence, their natural suspicion and their search for him. In turn he told his story, and they did not believe he had found the emerald until he displayed it to their wondering eyes.

Back in the bungalow Osmond asked for the time. "It must be near morning," he said.

"Ten o'clock," remarked Lieutenant Breer, with a glance at the white hair that sprinkled Osmond's head—it had been jet, black the day before!

"And it was about 9 when I left the bungalow," said Osmond briefly.

After that Dr. Osmond went back to Hongkong and plunged into his neglected practice. "I came back to get rested," he explained, but he lost interest in the ruins of Chinese temples, and whenever he was asked why he merely looked at a gleaming emerald on his little finger and answered vaguely, "Because!"

of them dropped on their knees before me, and by the motion of their lips I knew they were worshiping me. I tried to stop them, but, finding it impossible to do so, I gave up the job and, dragging my aeroplane to a slope favorable to getting a start, rose over their heads and flew away. Some of them gazed after me in wonder while others kept their faces on the ground.

I circled about, the wonder of various groups of natives. Finally I discerned two lines of men engaged in combat. They were so intent on killing one another that they did not see me till I was nearly over them. Then one after another looked up at me, and, forgetting the human enemy in the monster bird, they took to their heels, gradually disappearing as they obtained cover.

It was now beginning to get dark. I sailed over different parties, but too high to attract their attention. Finally, seeing a dozen men tied to stakes, I descended to get a nearer view. They were evidently prisoners taken in battle, who were to be roasted alive and eaten afterward, for under each was a pile of wood, some of which was already lighted, a small flame curling up near their ankles. It was too dark for them to discover me, and the ground was not favorable to alighting, so, taking up a roman candle, I lighted it and bombarded them with the balls. Looking up and seeing the dim substance of a huge bird hovering over them vomiting fire balls, they fell on their faces.

I called to them till they looked up and made signs to them to unbind their prisoners, which they did, and as soon as the last man was loose I drove the would be devourers away at the point of another roman candle. Then I rose, firing rockets as I ascended with a view to striking terror into them, hoping that they would consider themselves forbidden by the god bird from further returning to their captives.

I then returned to where I had left my supplies and after partaking of a supper rolled myself in my blankets under the shelving rock and went to sleep.

The next morning after taking in fuel and oil I sailed away again. By this time some of the natives had got sufficiently accustomed to me to consider me amenable to attack and made attempts to bring me down. Suddenly while making some adjustments which took my attention a great stone passed within a few feet of my aeroplane. Looking down, I saw a tribe who were working a machine that looked like a Roman catapult. They were directly beneath me and about to throw another stone. If it hit me it would break my aeroplane. Not daring to risk taking time to rise out of range, I picked up a stick of dynamite and dropped it on them. I saw dust, smoke and fragments, and after the two first had cleared away looked for the natives and their catapult. Where they had stood was a capacious hole in the ground.

Observing a native village beneath me, I determined to descend among them and remain with them till they had got used to me in order that I might commune with them. When yet some distance away I could see them standing together watching my approach. The first evidence of their solicitude was when I came near them and began to descend. Then they all ran away. But when I had alighted I waited patiently till they should come back. Presently I saw heads peeping at me through the long grass. The children came first, the women next and last the men. I worked with them some time in order to establish communication, showing them my wonders. Rigging a telephone, I told a man to go some distance away and I would make his wife talk to him. Having arranged matters for him, I placed a receiver at his ear and, going back to the woman, motioned her to talk through the transmitter. At the first words spoken the man dropped the receiver and looked about him as though he expected to see his wife near him.

Then I established a wireless and placed a man between the two extremes. He could hear the clicking at both, one in keeping with the other. He looked about for some connection, but, finding none, ran away from me and the machine.

To cap the climax I took a little child from its mother's arms and set it beside me in the machine. The mother was frantic, though by signs I endeavored to make her understand that I would bring her child back safely. I think she believed I was a supernatural being and was about to fly up to heaven with the little one. No one dared oppose me, and, rising in the air, I flew away. When ten minutes later I returned and placed the babe in its mother's arms she fainted for joy. Then I was sure she had expected not to see it again.

Confident as to the safety and docility of my mammoth bird having been established, I was besieged with requests for a ride in the clouds. But it would have been impossible to choose between the applicants, so I was obliged to refuse them all.

Returning to my landing point on the coast, I picked up what I desired to take away with me, then rising, looked out for a ship. Seeing one some forty miles distant, I flew for it. It happened to be an American steamer, and the captain called to me, inviting me to alight. I made a safe descent on to the roomiest part of the deck and at once covered my recently tried devices.

I am now waiting the result of applications I have made for patents and so soon as it seems safe to do so will announce inventions to the world which will make aviation far safer than it has been heretofore.

My Big Bird

It Flies Above Savages and Fills Them With Terror.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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Having worked a couple of years on an improvement for a flying machine, keeping my models securely locked in my barn that my devices might not be stolen by other aeroplane inventors, and having perfected them, I desired to try them. Not having confidence either in my fellow inventors or the practicability of patents I determined to take my airship to some unexplored country, attach my new machinery and make the necessary tests where, if they were successful, I alone would know about it. From San Francisco I shipped on board a vessel bound for a certain island in the Pacific ocean, and after a few weeks' voyage landed where I might experiment to my heart's content without fear of losing the benefit of my inventions.

I brought with me such modern contrivances as might be useful to me and some that would enable me to conciliate the natives among other things. I had a phonograph machine, toy gyroscopes, an electric hand lamp, a fieldglass and some fireworks.

Having at my request been put ashore at a point where there was no human being to be seen, I spent the first day putting together the parts of my aeroplane and equipping it. My fuel oils, etc., I placed under a projecting rock, storing also my belongings, including meat and drink. That night I slept under the ledge mentioned, and the next morning wheeling my machine on to a declivity by which I expected to get my start I took my seat, let go, rolled down the incline and began to rise.

Having attained a height of 1,000 feet, I devoted myself for a few hours to my improvements to the exclusion of all other surroundings and had the satisfaction to find that without exception they worked beautifully. That which I set most store by, a "brake," acted to a charm. Perhaps such an implement worked in so thin a medium as the air may not be considered practicable in any form. This is not so. I produced an attachment that stopped my machine within four lengths. Another matter I had attended to was one for keeping the machine on keel. I had observed the maintenance of a fixed plane of revolution by the gyroscope and applied the principle to my wings.

One thing I did that no other aeroplane constructor has ever done. I made it look like a bird. I used a single plane on each side shaped like a gull's wings, thus giving my machine the semblance of a bird. Fancy, then, suggested a pasteboard beak and the painting of the whole in varied colors!

Having satisfied myself that my inventions were each and every one a success, I permitted myself to look beneath me. My eye at once struck large numbers of the natives of the island running about in wild commotion. By those looking up at me I could discern the cause. Evidently the bird monster was at the bottom of their excitement. Some of them were scampering away as fast as their legs would carry them, others were hiding in caves and under rocks, while some were vigorously digging holes to bury themselves in.

Thinking to take others unawares, I rose higher and sped over a matter of twenty miles. Seeing a number of natives about a fire, soaring, I watched them. I could see that some were bound, while others were heaping fuel on the fire. Feeling sure that cannibals were about to make a repast upon human beings, I drew near enough for them to discover my presence above them. They seemed to be paralyzed with astonishment. Sinking to a point about fifty feet above them, I shouted to them to unbind their prisoners. Not understanding my language, they were all the more frightened. I seized my phonograph and, pointing the horn at them, turned on the whoops of American Indians. Hearing such sounds from the throat of an enormous bird seemed to put vigor into their legs, and they ran in every direction.

Descending, I unbound the prisoners, who as soon as their limbs were loosed dropped on their knees before me and buried their faces in the dirt. I raised several of them, desiring to communicate with them, and, in order to invite their confidence, gave them some trinkets. Then I took my phonograph from my aeroplane and set it going with a darky song. One of the natives pointed to himself, then to the phonograph, as much as to say, "There is a man in there." Going to the box, he looked down the horn to see him, then put his finger in, drawing it quickly out to prevent its being clutched. Not seeing or feeling anything, he looked at me and put his hand within a few inches of the ground, to denote the height of the pygmy supposed to be in the box.

Having amused the simple creatures for awhile with the phonograph, I took up a toy gyroscope and set the wheel going. This to them was far more wonderful than making a man sing in a box. They could conceive of a mite of a man being in the box, but they could not conceive of a wheel revolving with but one axis, supported at any angle I chose to put it. Every one

Thunder and Lightning.

A bishop came to visit a church where a colored minister was presiding. Loudly and with much gesticulation the preacher proclaimed salvation. When he had finished he approached the bishop and asked how he liked the sermon.

The bishop answered, "Why, pretty well, but don't you think you spoke too loud?"

"Well," said the preacher, "it's this way: What I lacks in lightning I tries to make up in thunder."—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Love of a Butcher Boy.

Dear heart, I'm in an awful stew
How I'll re-veal my love for you.
I'm such a mutton-head, I fear—
I feel so sheep-ish when you're near.
I know it's only cow-ardice
That makes these lamb-entations rise.
I dread a cut—let me explain:
A single roast would give me pain.
I should not like to get the hooks
And dare not steak my hopes on looks.
I never sausage a-ble as thine.
If you would but-cher hand in mine
And live-r round me every day
We'd seek some ham-let far away.
We'd meat life's frowns with love's caress
And cleav-er road to happiness.

—Graphite.

Landed on the Wrong Place.

"I saw a rattling fight the other evening between two theater ticket scalpers. They lammed away at each other for half an hour without stopping."

"They must have been in good condition."

"They were hard as nails. One of them broke his fist on the other's cheek."—Chicago Tribune.

Summer Fancies.

Now it's an elephant chasing a snipe.
Now it's a mandarin eating a pig.
Now it is Thackeray smoking his pipe.
Now it's a Hottentot dancing a jig.

Now it's a castle that's built in a tree.
Now it's a flock of sheep out on the turf.
Now it's a sea serpent skimming the sea.
Now it's a lot of girls out in the surf.

Now it's a mastodon made of pot cheese
Now it's a battleship stately and proud
What a gay poet 's the gay summer breeze
Sculping its fancies upon a white cloud!

—R. K. Munkittrick in Puck.

In the Suburb.

"What beautiful public building is that?"

"That isn't a public building. It's old man Savitt's summer cottage."

"And whose neat little cottage is that over there with the tower on it that little one story frame affair?"

"That isn't a cottage. It's the First Episcopal church."—Life.

Exit the Hero.

The old fashioned hero, they tell us, has passed.
In all the late fiction he's badly outclassed.
It is the fair maiden who harvests the hays
And gets lots of medals and all of the praise.

We miss the old hero so dear to us all—
His might and his courage we'd gladly recall—
But fiction and practice in this rapid age
Give woman the center and all of the stage.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Only One Remove.

"Luckily you didn't have a home to mortgage when you bought your automobile."

"No, but I did the next fashionable thing."

"What was that?"

"I bought it through a building and loan association."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Reason.

McWigger dotes on Arabella's hair.
He says its bronze effect is really rare
And that its fineness is beyond compare.
Now, why should Arabella's tresses stir
The man? She's naught to him. Well, I infer
It's all because he sold the hair to her.

—Chicago News.

His Prospects.

"What's he a-doin' of now?"

"Nuthin' 'tall."

"Any prospects?"

"Well, ef he doesn't strike anything soon he may decide to run for coroner or congress."—Atlanta Constitution.

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 488.

Call at my Store and look over my stock of

HARNESSES,
ROBES,
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.

The best goods at reasonable prices.

CHARLER LEMMLER
Smethport, Pa.

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes. I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5 and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street Smethport, Pa.

The Twenty Payment Life policy, deposits payable for twenty years only, insurance payable at death. We also issue ten, fifteen, twenty five and thirty payment life policies.
Age 21—$20.84 per thousand.
Age 35—$38 34 per thousand.
Age 50—$56.17 per thousand.
Ask for rates and guaranteed values.
The Equitable Life Assurance Society "Strongest in the world"
C. A. BURDICK, Agt.
SMETHPORT PENN'A

Have You Got Yours Yet?

There's every reason why you should. The sooner the better.

We Mean Occident Flour

And that is just what we mean when we talk FLOUR QUALITY. The Russell-Miller Milling Company offer—and we will fulfill their offer—to turn back money paid for OCCIDENT FLOUR if it doesn't prove the best the purchaser ever used. A pretty broad guarantee —BUT NOBODY SEEMS TO COME BACK FOR THE MONEY.

F. A. GREEN

ANTI ACHE
Cures Headache In a Flash
quick and sure and absolutely safe
No matter what the cause—over work, worry, neuralgia
At all druggists, 10c & 25c
Wayne Chemical Co., Clarion, Pa.

INSURANCE!
Life, Fire & Accident

—WRITTEN BY—

W. F. SPECHT,
Smethport, Pa.
In good reliable companies

Ladies! Save Money and Keep in Style by Reading McCall's Magazine and Using McCall Patterns

McCall's Magazine will help you dress stylishly at a moderate expense by keeping you posted on the latest fashions in clothes and hats. 50 New Fashion Designs in each issue. Also valuable information on all home and personal matters. Only 50c a year, including a free pattern. Subscribe today or send for free sample copy.

McCall Patterns will enable you to make in your own home, with your own hands, clothing for yourself and children which will be perfect in style and fit. Price—none higher than 15 cents. Send for free Pattern Catalogue.

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Fin es in BAKERY Goods

Groceries and Confectionery.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on—Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

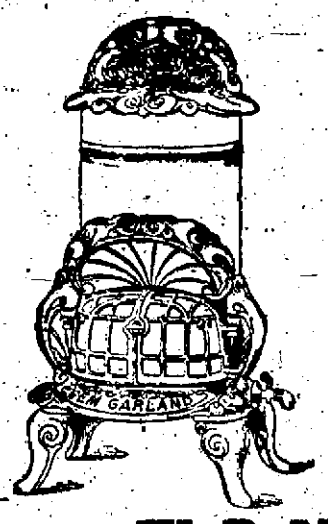
BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER

$1.00 per year in advance.

THE BIG STORE.



STOVES STOVES

We have just received a full line of up-to-date Heating Stoves.

Prices Right

—AT—

W. B. MEANS.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 22, 1910.

Local and General.

—James T. Powers, in the big musical comedy "Havana," will be the attraction at the Bradford theatre, to-morrow, Friday, evening.

—The city of Olean has placed an order with the LaFrance fire engine company for a $5,000 automobile fire truck to be used by the fire department of that city.

—The Oil Creek Baptist association has been holding its annual meeting at Bradford on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of this week. The association is comprised of 26 churches in this section.

—Another victim of the compulsory vaccination law is Geraldine C. Helper, the 7-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Helper of Franklin, Pa., who died at the Franklin hospital Sunday afternoon of lockjaw, due indirectly to her being vaccinated.

—Bradford was visited yesterday by one hundred of Buffalo's leading manufacturer's and wholesalers, who are traveling over the B., R. & P. railroad by means of a special train of four pullman cars, and are visiting various towns along the line on a trade booming tour. The party represented millions of capital.

—The Italian citizens of Bradford are making plans for the celebration of Columbus Day, on October 12. It is proposed to have a parade of the vaious Italian organizations of that city and Lewis Run and other places. There will be fireworks in the evening and band concerts. This day was observed last year and the celebration was a big success.

—The Port Allegany Reporter says: Sammy Bell came over from Smethport yesterday to be in attendance at the grove meeting of Liberty grange up the river. Mr. Bell is a nominee for Assembly and from his cordial greeting here it is fair to surmise that he has many friends among the township farmers.

—A freight wreck on the B., R. & P. railroad near Boyer Saturday morning caused considerable delay to traffic on that road. A car jumped the track and turned squarely across the rails and owing to its position it was several hours before it could be removed. In the meantime trains were compelled to use the tracks of the Erie railroad between Mt. Jewett and Crawford Junction and were late in their schedule.

—John Drost, aged 45, a resident of Ramey, Jefferson county, killed his wife Wednesday of last week, almost decapitating her with a razor as she was kneeding bread in the kitchen of their home. He then slashed his own throat with the same weapon, missing the jugular vein but opening the windpipe. He is in the hospital at Phillipston and will probably die. The man had been acting queerly of late but as his dementia never took a violent form before, he was allowed to come and go at will. The couple have six children.

—A. C. Wert, the well known artist who has been located in Bradford for several years past has moved to Mansfield, Ohio. Mr. Wert is surging to the front as an artist of the first magnitude.

—An invalid for almost 60 years, Charles M. Forbes, aged 61, is dead at his home in Altoona, from the effects of his fortieth paralytic stroke. Forbes' case was, so far as local doctors have been able to discover, unprecedented in the science of medicine. When a child of 18 months, in Harrisburg, where he was born, he was stricken with infantile paralysis, which is now prevalent in many parts of the country, and was never able to walk. Stroke after stroke left him just a little more helpless than before. Some of the ablest physicians in the country have examined him, but could grant no relief. A man in size, but a child in mind for the past 10 years, he has been as helpless as a baby and received his fortieth stroke September 2. His wonderful constitution was no longer capable of further resistance.

—Tuesday's Bradford Era says: Councilman James Hayes of the Second ward at a meeting of the City Councils last evening tendered his resignation on account of the fact that he has moved from the Second to the Third ward. The resignation was accepted as will be noted in the council proceedings printed elsewhere in this issue. A. M. Boardman, a well known resident of the Second ward informed the Era that he would be a candidate for the office made vacant by M. Hayes' action.

—Tuesday's Bradford Era says: R. Milton Greer, a well known resident of Rew City, died at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Greer, of Rew City, at 6:45 o'clock yesterday morning. Deceased was 21 years of age. He had been ill with typhoid fever and a spinal trouble for some time but had recovered so as to be able to go about his duties. On Friday the young man was taken ill again and he failed steadily till the end came. Deceased is survived by his parents, two sisters, Mrs. Dolly Bradley of Rew City, and Mrs. William Lincoln of Davis City, and one brother, John H. Greer of Oakland City, Ind.

—A party composed of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Marsh and Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Graves of Wellsboro were victims of an almost miraculous accident while riding in Mr. Marsh's White steamer touring car in the vicinity of Galeton a week ago last Sunday. The car was turned out to one side of the road to permit another car to pass and in doing so, went over an eight-foot bank at the edge of the road and completely capsized. Mr. Marsh and Mrs. Graves were pinioned beneath the car, while the other two occupants were thrown out with much force. Mr. Marsh sustained quite severe injuries and the balance of the party were more or less used up but strange to relate, no critical injuries resulted. The car was only slightly damaged.

A SHREWD SHOPPER.

The Little Ploy by Which She Won Attentive Service.

"Chicago people certainly have the knack of getting on," a shopper said. "In the suit department of a big store I met a Chicago woman who had been in New York less than a week. She said she wasn't buying anything; had just come to get the lay of the land. In the process of getting it she stopped a cashgirl and said:

"'Is that Miss Blake selling white linen skirts to that fat woman? I understand you have a Miss Blake in the department.'

"'No; that is Miss Barton,' said the cashgirl.

"The Chicago woman wrote the name in her address book. Then she showed me the names of saleswomen in several other stores.

"'This is only a preliminary to real shopping,' she said. 'It pays to take the extra trouble. If I expect to buy more than $3 worth of anything at a strange store I learn beforehand the name of the saleswoman whose looks I like best. Then when I go back to buy I can say, as I shall do here tomorrow, 'I would like Miss Barton to wait on me,' and, although Miss Barton has never set eyes on me, the fact that I can call her name gives her the impression that she must have sold me a $100 dress at some time, and I get twice as good service as I would get if I knew nobody by name.'"—New York Sun.

THE HOPEFUL ATTITUDE.

It Helps One In Striving to Realize His Ambition.

There is a tremendous power in the habit of expectancy, the conviction that we shall realize our ambition, that our dreams shall come true, says Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine. There is no uplifting habit like that of carrying an expectant, hopeful attitude, of expecting that our heart yearnings will be matched with realities; that things are going to turn out well and not ill; that we are going to succeed; that, no matter what may or may not happen, we are going to be happy.

There is nothing else so helpful as the carrying of this optimistic, expectant attitude—the attitude which always looks for and expects the best, the highest, the happiest—and never allowing oneself to get into the pessimistic, discouraged mood.

Believe with all your heart that you will do what you were made to do. Never for an instant harbor a doubt of this. Drive it out of your mind if it seeks an entrance. Entertain only the friend thoughts or ideals of the thing you are bound to achieve. Reject all thought enemies, all discouraging moods—everything which would even suggest failure or unhappiness.

Ingratitude.

"You remember dat guy, Jim Burke?" asked an irate Bowery denizen. "He's dat stiff dat's doin' time up der river—Sing Sing—boiglary—ten years. Well, you know all I done fer dat stiff. When he was pinched didn't I put up der coin fer der lawyers? Didn't I pay der witnesses? Sure I did. De oder day I thinks I'll just go an' see dat mutt just t' leave him know his frien's ain't tied de can on 'im. So I drives out to de jail an' goes into de warden's office, an' he says I gotter send me card in. Me card! D'ye get dat? Well, anyway, I writes me name on a piece o' paper, an' a guy takes it in to Jim Burke, an' what d'you t'ink dat stiff tells dat guy to tell me?"

"I've no idea," said the listener.

"He tells him," concluded the angry one, "I tell me dat he ain't in!"—Success Magazine.

Women In a Sailboat.

There is just one place on a sailboat for women. That is the cockpit. Remember that and keep them there, even if it takes a somewhat pointed request. The average woman on a boat is not happy unless she is taking risks by sitting out on deck or on top of the cabin or going forward of the mast. Warn her and she laughs at you. She does not know that she is endangering herself. Less than a year ago I saw two women knocked overboard in a heavy sea because they insisted on sitting on top of the cabin despite the protests of the man who was sailing the boat. He himself was a greenhorn and let his boat jibe, the boom clearing the top of the cabin before any one could say Jack Robinson—Outing.

Had a Better Story.

"Did you see the account of that flash of lightning that burned the hair from a boy's head without otherwise hurting him?"

"I did," answered the cheerful liar, "and I was pained to note the incompleteness of the story. Now, I happen to know of a case that is really remarkable. The lightning entered a barber's shop and not only undertook the task of singeing a man's hair, but it rung up the proper amount on the cash register."

Fear of Revenge.

"Why are you crying, my little man?"

"Cos I don't want to go to school."

"But why not?"

"Cos sister jilted the schoolmaster last night!"—London Opinion.

Advertising.

Adversity has been the means of making many men famous, but advertising is still in the lead.—Pittsburg Press.

The jest loses its point when he who makes it is the first to laugh.—Schiller.

He Whistled.

Old Lady (to grocer's boy)—Don't you know that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a lady?

Boy—That's what the gov'nor told me to do, mum.

"Told you to whistle?"

"Yes'm. He said if we ever sold you anything we'd have to whistle for the money."

Her Sweeping Abilities.

Mrs. Neurich—Did you notice how grandly our daughter swept into the room at Mrs. Puppson's reception last night?

Neurich—Sure I did! When it comes to sweeping into a room Mamie wins in a walk. But when it comes to sweeping out a room she goes lame.

Wanted It Plain.

Mrs. Youngwife—I want to get some salad. Dealer—Yes'm. How many heads? Mrs. Youngwife—Oh, goodness! I thought you took the heads off. I just want plain chicken salad.

Professional.

"Oh, haven't you got the nerve?" she cried.
"Yes," he answered in tone didactic,
For he was the dentist. She meant the nerve
Of the tooth he had just extracted.
—Baltimore American.

Suggestive Seaside Note.

Minnick—How the tide comes in, with its long, green roll!

Sinnick—Simply a delicate intimation that you'll have to come in with one, too, if you expect to stay here awhile.—Browning's Magazine.

An Exception.

Of just one fatal accident we'd gladly make a note,
'Tis when the only victim was the fool who rocked the boat.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Clean Score.

The Man—A good canoeist? Well, I guess I am! Only tipped over twice in my life.

The Maid—How many times have you been out?

The Man—Twice!—Puck.

Guessing.

I wonder how the hens, asleep,
Their hold upon their perches keep.
I wonder also if they fall
On waking at the rooster's call.
—Buffalo Express.

Oh!

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Sadie. We were having dinner."

"You don't have to tell me—I've got ears."—Spokane Spokesman-Review

As Usual.

The people met to pray for rain,
And rain it did, b'gosh,
For one man in that faithless crowd
Had brought his mackintosh!
—Chicago Tribune.

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT

Quick Lunches at all Hours
CIGARS AN TOBACCO
—Also—
BALTIMORE SHELL SKIPT OYSTERS
in season only

JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

Good Groceries

We hold on Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

WE

Are now fully located in our new store on Main street and would be delighted to have

YOU

Call and inspect our fine and complete line of

WINTER FOOTWEAR

FOR
MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

We can satisfy both your fancy and purse in BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, etc.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

460-470 Main Street, Buffalo

H. A. MELDRUM COMPANY

Fall and Winter Opening Days

¶ First showing of the beautiful new Suits, Coats and Furs—for Fall and Winter.

¶ All the popular, fashionable Hats, represented by favored models.

¶ New Dress Goods in complete assortment.

¶ The Silk and Velvet Store ready with the very latest fabrics.

¶ Opening Show and Sale of New Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums, Draperies.

¶ When you come to Buffalo, plan to have dinner at our beautiful new Mission Restaurant—plenty to eat for **40c**—daily from 11.30 to 2.30.

H. A. MELDRUM COMPANY

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 22, 1910.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Governor.
JOHN K. TENER,
of Washington County.
For Lieutenant Governor.
JOHN REYNOLDS,
of Bedford County.
For State Treasurer.
CHARLES FRED WRIGHT,
of Susquehanna County.
For Secy. of Internal Affairs.
HENRY HOUCH,
of Lebanon County.
For Congress.
CHARLES E. PATTON,
of Curwensville.
For Members of Assembly.
SAMUEL E. BELL,
of Smethport.
HORACE H. REDFIELD,
of Smethport.

The forty-fourth annual encampment of the Grand Aarmy of the Republic is being held in Atlantic City this week. Ten thousand veterans who wore the blue in the days of '61 are in attendance.

The convention of New Jersey Democrats held in Trenton last Thursday nominated Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, for the office of Governor of the State.

John K. Tener of Charleroi, Pa., candidate for Governor on the Republican ticket, opened his campaign at Pottsville, Pa., last Thursday night when he addressed the large host assembled in that palce for the State League of Republican clubs. Other candidates on the Republican ticket also delivered addresses.

W. C. T. U. Convention.

(Continued from Page 1.)

Coryville.

Temperance Light Bearer—Mrs. Minnie Greer of Bradford.

Temperance Literature—Mrs. Mary English of Bradford.

Moral Education—Mrs. H. E. Neal of Bradford.

Mrs. Heineman, the president, delivered the following stirring address to the convention:

Dear Comrades and County Workers:

Have you studied the last Prohibition map of the United States and have you noticed how fast the are growing white? Do you know that even politicians and liquor men are admitting that the great temperance wave that is washing them clean and white is largely due to the sentiment created by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and to the educating of the children and young people in regard to the effects of alcohol upon the human body and the wonderful mechanism of the human mind, which was brought about by the arduous, self-sacrificing labors of our beloved and never to be forgotten Mary H. Hunt?

A practical and successful business man once said to me: "There will not be many drunkards in the next generation. When the boys and girls of to-day have become the men and women of to-morrow, your temperance work will be nearly ended." I asked, "why?" and he said, "because they have been so well educated on the evil effects of alcohol that very few of them will be foolish enough to use it as a beverage or even as a medicine."

In view of these facts ought we ever to become discouraged, to become slack or remiss in our work or in any of its departments?

They have all contributed to the awakening of Christian men and women to the terrible evils of intemperance, crime and immorality. They are each and every one of such importance that it is hard to decide which is the greater. It is therefore, proper that each superintendent should think her own department to be supremely above all the others.

The department of press work should have our earnest consideration. All reforms, all victories of right over wrong have been accomplished by agitation. The freedom of our country from England's tyranny was brought about through agitation, its deliverance from the curse of slavery came to pass through the same channel and its deliverance from the greater curse of strong drink will only be accomplished by agitation. The press is the agitator of the world, therefore solicit, patronize and use the press.

Mother's Work; the making of homes better, more fit for the sacred trust of childhood is so great that the height and depth of it no man or woman can fathom, the length and breadth of it no one can measure.

The Loyal Temperance Legion and the Temperance Light Bearers, the work among the boys and girls, who are to be the future guardians of our country's greatness, prosperity and welfare and with the precious little ones, who can estimate the value of them?

Then there is the department of Purity—Moral Education it is now called. When we consider the prevalance of impurity among the children of our schools and the youths of our land the havoc it is making on their physical, mental and moral strength, when we contemplate the horrors of the White Slave Traffic, who could withhold their heart or their hand from this great work?

No question of the day is so closely allied to the liquor question, no question of the day stands so near in importance to that question as the question of Woman's Suffrage. On that hinges the temperance reform and the moral reform of the nation.

Have any of you ever gone away from home and left your husbands to keep house for a few days or a few weeks? If you have you know how you found things when you got back, and that is just the trouble with our country to-day; the men are keeping house without their wives and one of the most important departments of our work is to bring the wives to their own as helpmates to their husbands, not only in their domestic housekeeping but as partners in the keeping and the ruling of the nation.

Perhaps some of you say, "It takes so much of my time, it requires so many sacrifices to attend the W. C. T. U. meetings and keep up my department that I don't feel as though I could do it. Then the finances are always getting low and its namely for this and namely for that and really I cannot afford it."

My sisters, the keynote of all right living, the foundation of true character, which is the only thing that will last after the mountains have crumbled away and the mighty rocks are dissolved, is to teach humanity how to live and make the world happier and better. That is why our beloved Frances Williard still lives, not only in the hearts of the pure and upright but in the hearts of the enfreched and slaves of sin and appetite because she lid what she could to make it easier for them to do right, to so live that life to them would be worth while. That is why her statue stands in the hall of Fame, among the few who are thus honored at the capital of this great nation.

Is not such a life, such a record, worth more than ease and pleasure, more than the passing enjoyment of wealth, society, and all that the world calls good? We do not stand alone in our work. In this state of Pennsylvania, blackened by intemperance, and political graft and corruption, there is an army of 23,000 white ribbon women. It will be a blot upon their banners, a stigma upon their record if through their earnest labors, through their individual devotions and self sacrifice, the great Keystone State is not made white. Then let us go from this convention to our homes to our several reunions resolved that we will give more of our lives, more of our time, strength, talent and means to this great work. Let us work together in harmony, remembering that it is for God and humanity and not for ourselves that we are working, that it is the cause of God and humanity and not ourself that is great.

KILLED IN MEXICO CITY.

Miss Emma MacEwen, Former Kane Lady Meets Tragic Death.

The Kane Republican of Friday says: This community was greatly shocked this morning when word was received from Mexico City that Miss Emma MacEwen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Neil MacEwen, of this place, and well known in Kane, met with a terrible accident yesterday. She was struck and killed by a street car, some time during the day. No further particulars have as yet been learned by the bereaved parents and sisters, who reside here.

Miss MacEwen was a bright woman, and was a professional nurse by occupation in that city, and has been there for some time, and was well known here and at Mt. Jewett, where she taught school previous to her graduating as a nurse.

Owing to the condition of the body, advice comes from there to the family, that the remains had better be buried at that city. Further particulars of the young lady's untimely end will be given later.

Pocketbook Lost.

Mrs. S. F. Redfield lost a gold chain pocket book containing about $7.00, including a Canadian $2 bill. Finder liberally rewarded by returning to S. F. Redfield.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Leo McCabe of Erie is visiting in town.

Marion Stark returned from Geneva yesterday.

Mrs. W. B. Hopper was a Bradford visitor yesterday.

Mrs. J. Clayton Backus was a Buffalo visitor Tuesday.

J. C. Wirt and Howard Denning were Olean visitors yesterday.

Miss Catherine Mayo begins work this week in Wellesley College.

Mrs. Anna Nelson of Evanston, Ill., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Olson.

Mrs. F. J. Shattuck of Linesville, Pa., is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. H. L. Backus.

Miss Elsie Sherer and Miss Bessie Engstrom were Bradford and Olean visitors yesterday.

S. D. Lemen returned Monday from Syracuse, N. Y., where he has been for the past ten days.

Miss Lois Green left Saturday for a two weeks' visit with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Green of Buffalo.

Mrs. George Campbell and daughter, Grace, have returned from a three weeks' visit in Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry DuShamp are Buffalo visitors this week, making their trip in their automobile.

Winfield Stark left town for Geneva, N. Y., yesterday where he will attend school the coming winter.

"Jack" Morrison left Sunday morning for Geneva, N. Y., where he will begin a course in Hobart College.

Misses Inza Sherburne and Lillian Hagberg are home for a few days from Clarion State Normal school.

Colonel and Mrs. Melville Gillett and son, Redfield, have returned home from an extended Canadian trip.

T. F. Williams of Butler was visiting in town this week. He was accompanied home by his wife and son, Crosby.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Brownell and daughter, Harriet, returned last evening from a visit at Buffalo and Hamburg, N. Y.

Miss Ida Engstrom left for her home in Jamestown, N. Y., Monday, after a week's visit with relatives in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Backus, Mrs. J. Shattuck and Mrs. F. W. Backus attended the fair and races at Olean yesterday.

Mrs. Ella Shenk and daughter Ethel of Lancaster are guests of the former's brother, John Bender and family of Bank street.

Elmer E. Heath returned yesterday from a week's visit to Cleveland, O., where he has been visiting his brother and daughter.

Miss Anna McAlee who has been the guest of relatives and friends in this place for the past two weeks returned to her home in Johnsonburg Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Workley, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Rungiville, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Hamilton and Frank Dunbar were among the Olean visitors yesterday from this place.

The Rev. W. A. Harris leaves on Monday for Rochester, N. Y., to attend the one hundredth annual session of the Genesee Conference. Conference opens on Wednesday morning under the presidency of Bishop Warren of Denver.

Additional Locals.

A Butler special of Sept. 15 says: William Lytle of Tunnelton, Indiana county, had two narrow escapes while driving 1,000 pounds of nitroglycerine from the factory of the West Penn Torpedo company, near Tunnelton, to a magazine two and a half miles south of Butler, on the Three Degree road. While a mile from Saltsburg a rear wheel came off and rolled down an embankment. The corner of the wagon struck the road with force enough to have exploded the load, but nothing happened. The wagon was repaired and Lytle continued his dangerous drive. Near the magazine where the explosive was to be delivered, an automobile containing two men and two women from Pittsburgh crashed into the vehicle, damaging the mud guard and footboard of the machine, but a second time the exploaive refused to explode.

—The B., R. & P. railroad company is progressing rapidly in the work of double tracking its line between Newton and Mt. Jewett, says the Bradford Star-Record. A number of sharp curves and grades between those stations have been eliminated and in the near future the time of trains will be materially reduced on that part of the big level. The use of pusher engines will also be done away with on the hill south of Bingham. At Newton, the passenger depot and freight station have been moved north about 100 yards. The area surrounding the station is being filled in with sand and brought above the level of the tracks of the B., R. & P. and Kushequa route. The double track of the B., R. & P. road south of Newton station will be raised about eight feet and a cut of eight feet made for the Smethport highway. This will obviate the necessity of a grade crossing at Newton, as the highway will be graded under the tracks of the railroad company.

—The plant of the Carley Heater Manufacturing Co. on Union street, Olean, N. Y., was visited by a $10,000 fire last Friday evening. The fire started near the foundry room and was probably caused by overheated walls. The foundry room and blacksmith shop were damaged so they will have to be rebuilt, while the pattern room was filled with water, destroying work that took weeks to build. The Carley Heater company is one of the largest tannery manufacturing concerns in the country. They build and equip entire plants, and manufacture anything needed in the tanning business. The firm is composed of S. L. Gleason, William Abrams, Jr., and Mrs. Frank Abrams.

For Sale

A Guernsey Bull one year old, also a No. 1 cow, will be fresh in November.

J. L. OVIATT,
Farmers Valley.

WENT THROUGH RAPIDS.

Captain Klaus Larsen Made the Trip in Motor Boat.

NIAGARA FALLS, Sept. 18.—More daredevil history was made to-day for Niagara Falls when Capt. Klaus Larsen of Cleveland shot the thundering Rapids in a motor boat, the Ferro. He lives to tell the tale.

After a tempestous passage of four and one-half miles his battered and leaking craft plunged into an eddy below Devil's Hole. As all the perils of the trip had then been passed and he had a disabled arm and leg, Larsen seized a rescue rope thrown to him, and gave up his intention of making Lewiston. He says he will yet go the whole trip. He started from the Maid of the Mist dock at 4:45 and ran on a rock near the American shore at 5:30.

Despite the battering of the whirlpool rapids, Larsen went through safely but his boat was leaking badly at the finish and through the trip. Larsen had intended to start at 2:30 o'clock, but was delayed by engine trouble. Besides the authorities threatened to interfere on the ground of attempted suicide.

The Ferro swung under the Cantilever bridge, the engine running at top speed, and was caught in the swift drift break of water to the whirlpool rapids. Larsen held to the middle of the channel and in less than three minutes had made the great pool. In the trip through the rapids the little boat was lost to sight most of the time, but at Great Wave it was shot twenty feet out of water. The boat landed right and continued to the pool.

Larsen kept to the outer edge of the pool and passed out and down without accident. Just as he left the pool the engine stopped working and Larsen was left to the mercy of the waters, hardly less violent than those above. The little boat swung around stern first and then turned completely over, Larsen coming up badly battered. It was here that he injured his leg.

From now on Larsen was the plaything of the mighty river, unable to hold the course, the boat swinging from one side to the other. After getting through the Devil's Hole the boat swing toward the rocks on the American side of the river, rolled over one boulder and went fast between two others. There Larsen stayed for five minutes, forty feet from shore, working desperately to release the craft. Getting free, he was hit by a comber and sent careening toward the middle. At the bend, with the Lewiston bridge in sight, the boat drifted toward the American side again, and was then caught in the shore eddy. The boat grounded again, this time near enough to shore to be caught by Roy Rockwell of this city, who waded into the water and caught a rope thrown by Larsen.

Larsen wanted to continue the trip, but having accomplished the worst part of the journey he was persuaded to board a trolley for Lewiston, setting the boat adrift.

"The trip was worse than I thought it would be," said Larsen, "but I am not hurt and will do it again some day with another boat. My leg was jammed when she tipped over, but that's all. The engine worked fine through the rapids and I would have made the trip in half an hour if it hadn't stopped after leaving the whirlpool."

At the end of the trip the Ferro was found to be leaking badly, water standing six inches deep. Larsen said he had not struck any rocks till after leaving the whirlpool.

Sunday morning Larsen was summoned to the police office here because he was to touch on this side. A committee of five was appointed to inspect the boat and see if the hazard could be termed attempted suicide. Larsen flirted with the committee, running his boat back and forth near the dock, but not near enough for a close inspection.

A crowd of 40,000 lined bridges and banks at the time advertised for the trip.

Except the old Maid of the Mist, sent through in 1864 to avoid seizure, Larsen's is the only engine-propelled boat to have gone through the rapids. Peter Nissen, Chicago, 1900, and C. A. Percy, 1887 and 1891, went through in barrels and lived.

Situation Wanted.

A woman with two children, one 6 and the other 3 years old wants a position as housekeeper. For further particulars apply at or address

The County Home,
2t. Smethport, Pa.

Lost.

In Smethport, on Friday, Sept. 9, a bunch of keys, including two rings. On one was a brass tag bearing the figure 3, and on the other a whistle. A liberal reward will be paid upon their being returned to the Miner office.

DeWITT'S CARBOLIZED WITCH HAZEL SALVE For Piles, Burns, Sores.

Oh my head!
Over work, worry, strained nerves, exhaustion, throbbing temples. All headache and neuralgia pains "Cured in a flash" by
ANTI-ACHE
Does not affect the heart
10c and 25c at all druggists
Wayne Chemical Co., Clarion, Pa.

Hats Hats Hats

First showing of Stetson and Miller-Allaire New Fall Hats.

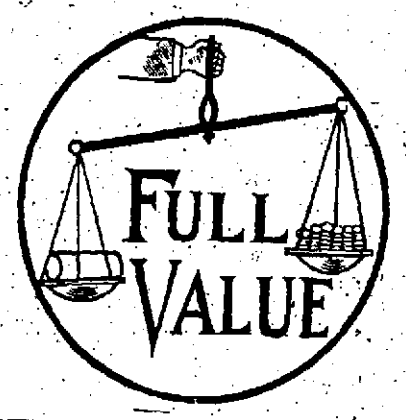
$1.00, $2.00, 3.00, 3.50 AND $4.00 Styles.

A good assortment

H. W. Rubin,
Smethport, Pa.

SMETHPORT

INNER TUBES

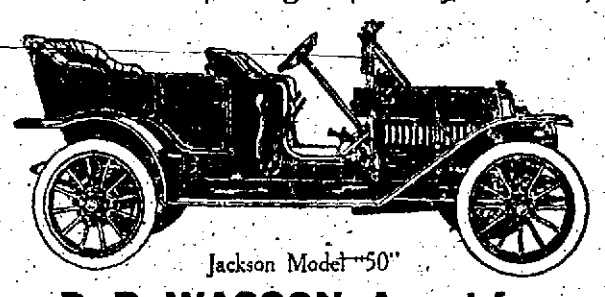


Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.

Automobile Tire Repairing, New Tires and Supplies always in Stock.

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.
SMETHPORT, PA.

Smethport Garage
WILL BE OPEN FOR BUSINESS
SEPT. 1, 1910,
In the Rooney barn on Water Street, west of Smethport Bottling Works, and solicit the patronage of autoists. Difficult Repairing a Specialty.



Jackson Model "50"

D. B. WASSON, Agent for
Sterns Jackson and Fuller Automobiles
SMETHPORT, PA.

Tell Me
YOUR WANTS
And you will be surprised at the low price of my SINKS, TUBS, ETC.
Second door from the POST OFFICE.
E. W. STRONG

ManZan Reaches the spot. Stops pain. The Great Pile Remedy. Put up in tubes with rectal nozzle, 50 cents.

The Lindholm Company,

Mc Call's Patterns

LADIES!

Here's The Most Interesting News in the paper.

It tells of the New Creations in WOMEN'S wear — Fresh from the hands of Artistic Designers and Tailors. Even now each day sees admiring Audiences thronging our Coat Department — eager for a first glimpse these desirable offerings.

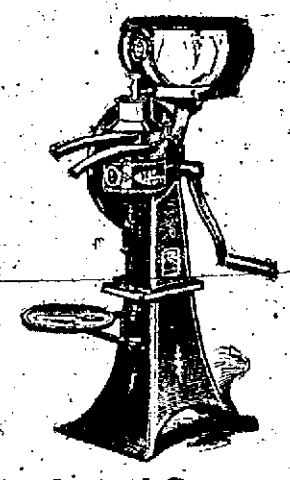
A Complete Assortment Of Printzess Coats

Is the center of interest, we know that you will be interested — for these well known garments occupy a place distinctly theis own in woman's garments. Visit us — let us show you the soft, dainty wools used in their making — let us prove to you their superior points of Tailoring excellence, fit and style, we won't urge you to buy; we leave that entirely to your judgement — but don't buy your fall garments until you have seen Printzess. You owe that much to yourself.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

FOR THOSE WHO DEMAND THE BEST



The DeLaval Separator

—FOR SALE BY—

Daly & Garlick's

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 22, 1910.

Local and General.

—All roads lead to Olean this week.

—Daly & Garlick advertise the De Laval separator in this issue.

—Street Commissioner Cramsie has made a number of improvements to lower Hill street.

—Mrs. C. G. Raymond entertained the Kensington Club at her home on Mill street yesterday.

—The Lindholm Co. has an interesting change of advertisement in another column of to-day's Miner.

—Mrs. E. L. Keenan entertained twenty ladies Tuesday afternoon at her home on Main street at Tibot Bridge.

—The bridge Whist Club met at the home of Mrs. Lewis Marks on King street yesterday afternoon.

—John F. Howard of Boston will give a recital of Julius Caesar at the St. Luke's parish house Monday evening, Oct. 3.

—Lucky for you and your boy to secure such clothes bargains as Monheimer announces in his advertisement in this issue.

—The L. V. Harris Bible class of the M. E. church will hold a cooked food sale at J. Colegrove's store Saturday, Sept. 24, at 2:30.

—Mrs. Rex Stark, who has been undergoing treatment at the Kane hospital, returned home last Friday much improved in health.

—Wm. Mitchell, formerly of this office, who has been visiting relatives in Smethport, has accepted a position at the Mt. Jewett News office.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. James Mountain of Norwich, Pa., Monday, September 19, 1910, a son. This is the first child born at the new town.

Hon. Eugene W. Chapin, who was the Prohibition candidate for President in 1908, spoke in Bradford last Friday evening and in Kane Monday evening.

—There will be all of the regular services at the Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday. Preaching at 10:30 and 7:30. Sunday school at 11:45. Epworth League at 6:45 p. m.

—The Rev. John M. Walters who has been pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church in Bradford the past four years will transfer at this session of the Conference to Frago, North Dakota.

—Teachers' institute will convene at the court house in this borough the week of Oct. 31 to Nov. 4. County Superintendent Bayle is preparing to make this session one of the most instructive yet held.

—A new cement walk is being laid along the Church street side of the old Bennett house lot fronting Main street, owned by the Taylor estate. A. E. Hackett is doing the work. A high wire fence is also being placed about the property.

—The McKean County Publishers' Association will meet at the St. James hotel, Bradford, next Monday from 11 a. m. to 2 p. m. Dinner will be served at noon. The county publishers will be the guests of the Bradford press on the occasion.

—The brick layers have finished on the new juvenile building of the county jail and Contractor John Carlson has put a number of carpenters to work on the structure. Rapid progress is being made on this building and from present indications it will be finished by the time the contract calls for, Oct. 1.

—The Mt. Jewett News of last week entered upon the 15th year of its existence. Under the guidance of Editor Swisher the News has taken its place in the front rank of journals in this section of the state. During the past year a typesetting machine has been installed in the plant, the News has been enlarged into an attractive six column, eight-page paper, while the equipment is being enlarged right along and the paper presents a newsier and more attractive appearance than even before in its history.

—A party composed of 24 young ladies and gentlemen tendered a surprise party to Miss Lottie Booth at her home on East Main street Tuesday evening, the occasion being her birthday. The young lady was presented with a handsome signet ring. Fine refreshments were served and a delightful evening was spent.

—J. C. Briggs of the State Department of Agriculture will conduct a demonstration at the orchard on the farm owned by D. C. Young and tenanted by Bela Ferman, at Farmers Valley, this, Thursday, afternoon. Mr. Briggs will give a practical demonstration of the value of fruit spraying and other subjects will be handled at the meeting.

—Residents of Wilcox were thrown into a high fervor of excitement a week ago last Friday when a well was struck on the holdings of the Wilcox Gas Co., near that place, which is good for over a million feet of gas per day. (The well, which was struck in the Kane sand, is the No. 6 well of the company.

—Pennsylvania railroad detectives have unearthed an organized gang of robbers who have been operating along the lines of the company between Oil City and Olean, N. Y., and from Oil City to Corry. The thieves have made a specialty of breaking into box cars and stealing dress goods and other valuables. A number of employes have been implicated and several arrests made, with more to follow. It is estimated the company has lost $10,000.

—In the article in last week's Miner regarding the opening of the borough schools it was stated that the number of pupils enrolled was 335. This was in error. The total should have read 433. The number of students enrolled in the grades is 335 and 98 in the high school. Through a misunderstanding on the part of the writer the number registered in the grades was given as the total.

—On Thursday of last week Miss Hazel Abbey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Abbey of King street was taken to Bradford where she is undergoing treatment at the hands of Dr. Fredericks, for an affliction of the head and throat, from which she has been suffering for over a year past. Owing to the swollen condition of the throat the doctor cannot as yet determine whether an operation will be necessary.

—A freight train of 5 cars ran into the rear end of a passenger train on the Erie railroad at Little Valley shortly after 7 o'clock Saturday morning and a score of people were injured, but none fatally. Two coaches of the passenger train were telescoped and the freight engine badly damaged. Owing to the extra amount of baggage and express due to the Little Valley fair last week the passenger train was late in leaving that station and owing to a dense fog the freight came upon it without seeing it. There were a number of passengers in the coaches and they were thrown violently from their seats and it was in this manner that the injuries were received.

—Attention is directed to the new hardware advertisement of W. B. Means in this issue. In the advertisement, just removed, a charming typographical error was responsible for the glaring assertion that Mr. Means had "goat hide" cup grease for sale. In spite of this declaration Mr. Means is not a believer in the qualities of the hide of a goat, heretofore considered about as dry an animal as there is extant, as a lubricator. The advertisement should have read graphite cup grease.

—Thomas P. Mullen, recently foreman of the Mt. Jewett News is wanted by Editor Swishor of that paper, on a charge of forgery. It is alleged he took the check book of the office and purloined six checks which he made out in his favor. He cashed two of the checks for $12.00 each in Mt. Jewett and then disappeared. Payment on the other checks was stopped. $2 in cash and a rain coat disappeared from the News office with Mullen.

Mrs. R. A. Bygert of Portville spent Thursday with Mrs W. D. Morey.

Miss Della Aldrich of Holley Beach, N. J., spent several days last week with Mrs. W. D. Morey.

—Yesterday the writer had the pleasure of attending Olean's big fair and races, which will continue until Friday of this week, and we were more than pleased with the entertainment furnished by the managers of that organization. The flight made by Charles Willard in a Curtiss aeroplane was by far the best ever given in this section. He was in the air, about nine minutes and made three complete circles, covering five or six miles, and returned to the ground with perfect control of his machine. The races were of a high order and the exhibits and midway attractions were fully up to the standard. No one will make a mistake by attending this fair. Mr. Willard will make another flight to-day.

—The improvements being made to the Travellers' Club House on State street are progressing fast. A large force of men are employed at the work by Contractor Clarence Powell.

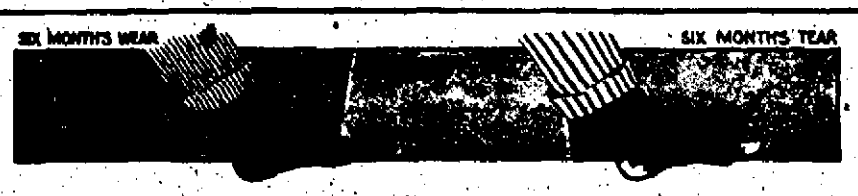
—A cornstalk 14 feet in height has been on exhibition in front of the Hotel Imperial this week. The stalk was grown on the farm of Michael McDade at Crosby and is certainly a curiosity worth seeing.

—County Commissioners Peterson, Marsh and Devlin returned the latter part of last week from Wellsboro where they were in attendance at the 24th annual convention of the county commissioners of the State of Pennsylvania, held last week. There were over 100 county commissioners present, and questions which men who have charge of county affairs have to contend were discussed in detail by speakers of recognized ability and valuable pointers were exchanged by the officials assembled.

—At St. Patrick's church on East Fourth street, Erie, Pa., Monday, Sept. 12, 1910, occurred the marriage of Miss Kathryn Murphy and Attorney John R. Haughney. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Lenore Murphy, and the groom's attendant was his brother, Attorney Chas. F. Haughney of Eldred. Mr. Haughney has a large circle of friends in this place who unite with The Miner in best wishes for Mr. and Mrs. Haughney.

The Free Press says that a very curious phenomenon was noticed on Main street in Westfield one morning recently when dozens of sparrows fell to the ground dead. They would be perched on limbs or telegraph wires and exhibiting no particular symptoms, when suddenly they would topple to the ground without a flutter. In one yard, sixteen lifeless sparrows were found. The only explanation of the occurrence seems to be that the birds ate poisoned food, but whether placed where they had access to it, by accident or design, has not been made public.

—The ladies of the W. C. T. U. have arranged with Prof. H. D. Patton to deliver a temperance lecture at the church at Coryville next Thursday evening, Sept. 29, at 8 o'clock. Prof. Patton is one of the most noted temperance orators in the State of Pennsylvania and the ladies of the W. C. T. U. were indeed fortunate in securing him for a date. He is a former chairman of the State Prohibition committee and there is perhaps no man who is more conversant with the doctrine of Prohibition and Local Option than he. Mr. Patton is at present delivering lectures throughout the country and is being finely received. The public is cordially invited to attend this meeting and it will be worth one's time to journey to Coryville to hear this able speaker.



"Holeproof" Costs No More Than Others

There are just two kinds of hosiery—the kind that wears and the kind that tears. Yet they both sell for the same price.

Certainly you would not buy unguaranteed hosiery when for the same money you can get the famous "Holeproof" guaranteed against holes for six months.

You pay no more for "Holeproof" but it wears six times as long.

Every box of Holeproof Hosiery contains a written guarantee. If any holes appear within six months you present the guarantee and get new hosiery free.

This hosiery is as smooth and soft as silk. It is shaped to fit the ankle like a glove fits the hand—it is both stylish and comfortable.

Learn what this hosiery really is—come in and see it for yourself today. Price from 25 to 50 cents a pair.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office.

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

FRY & COMES Smethport, Pa.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

GOOD RESOLUTION FOR 1910.

You have probably made several good resolutions for this year but its not to late to make another—one that will promote the welfare of both yourself and your family.

Resolve to buy Drugs and Drug Store Goods at OUR Store.

You'll find that a very easy resolution to keep. After once learning how carefully we guard customers' interests you will doubtless be willing to go even out of your way to trade here. Goods of higher quality than we carry are not obtainable, and our service is one we are sure you'll appreciate. Quality considered, no one can sell at lower prices. May we serve you this year? Respectfully,

WELLS' DRUG STORE

BROWNELL

NEXT DOOR TO GRANGE BANK

NO Dry Goods, Liquors or Hardware

BUT EVERYTHING IN GROCERIES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

We have been Remarkably Lucky to secure for You

A BIG Bargain

in

Boy's Blue Serge Suits

(Winter Weight)

At $3.00

They are splendid Suits for so small a price — and if a saving of $1.50 to $2.00 counts, then you ought to buy a Boy's Suit now, ages 6 to 16 $3.00 worth up to $5.00.

MONHEIMER'S

WAVERLY BRANDS

76 SPECIAL MOTOR

WAVERLY GASOLINE

are the products of more than 30 years' experience. Three brands—

76°—Special—Motor

Power Without Carbon

Waverly gasolines are all refined, distilled and treated—contain no "natural" gasolines, which are crude and unrefined and which carry the maximum of carbon-producing elements.

Waverly Oil Works Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

Independent Refiners

Makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **F. H. Hungiville,** SMETHPORT

A Labor Day Feast

How a Laborer Tested His Social Position.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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When Bob Nebbins came to L. and set himself up to join the social circle composed of young people it was a grave question whether he was to be admitted. I have never known so many diverse views about any one. Some complained that he dressed like a tinker instead of a gentleman; others complained that when he did put on fine clothes they were foppish. Some of the young men thought him clever. Most of the girls considered him a fool.

Notwithstanding that he was generally disapproved by the girls, no one of them would take the responsibility of slighting him. Miss Arletta Price, it is true, was very cool to him, but Miss Price had said openly among her girl friends that she proposed to "be somebody" in the social world and to do that she must marry a rich man. Miss Dora Laraway, who was perhaps the most independent among the girls, took up Mr. Nebbins, but it was said that she did so because she liked to be contrary. I mention these two girls because they represent the two extremes.

Just as Nebbins was acquiring a social foothold along comes Tom Kirshaw, who the year before had left L. to go into business in the city, and says that he had seen Mr. Nebbins working in overalls in a large manufacturing concern. A halt was at once called, and many were of the opinion that no more invitations should be extended to the workman until more was learned about him. Miss Price the next time she met him cut him. Miss Laraway, with her usual contrariness, was more gracious to him than ever. The rest of us were divided. The situation was rather annoying, because Nebbins had been received within our circle, and, once admitted, it was not easy to oust him. Ed Gifford, one of our number, who prided himself on going straight at things, asked Bob if it was true that he had been a workingman. Nebbins admitted that it was. Gifford attempted to follow the matter up with other questions, but Nebbins admonished him to mind his own business.

Common sense prevailed. Those who declined to turn a cold shoulder to Nebbins because he had been a greasy mechanic carried the day, and, although he was not especially welcome among us after this, he was at least tolerated. We wondered what he lived on. He had come among us at the beginning of the summer, and it was expected that he would leave early in the autumn. Probably the fact that his stay among us was temporary contributed to our willingness to treat him considerately while he remained.

Notwithstanding the disadvantage under which Nebbins labored, he gradually made friends. I don't mean that he was in any way a popular man, even with those with whom he became most intimate. After it became known that he had been a workman this fancy of his for putting on mean clothes seemed to be explained. In other words, he was an instance of a workingman trying to be a gentleman and only half succeeding; or, rather, now and then suffering a relapse.

We young men found Nebbins much more endurable—not to say attractive—than the girls. There were a few girls who, like Miss Price, made no scruple of turning the cold shoulder to him; there were those who neither avoided nor sought him and a few who in a spirit of kindliness treated him cordially. Miss Laraway alone positively favored him. But Miss Laraway had laid out for herself a life of work and had accepted a position as teacher to enter upon her duties the following autumn. On this account probably she had less influence with us in a social point of view than any of the girls. Indeed, Dora's social position was not fixed among us. Some of the girls, though they worked with her in church duties and were familiar with her at such times, forbore to invite her to their homes. She was as refined as they and more intelligent than most of them. Indeed, there was no difference between her and them, at least none that was not to her advantage, except that when her parents had first come to L. they had neither been inclined to enter "society" nor had they the means to enable them to do so. Indeed, Dora had been taken up by a few of those "in the swim" for herself alone, and she did not seem to care whether the others accepted her or not.

Miss Price was the girl whom all her associates looked up to as one bound to achieve prominence. She was really marked for a star career. Affable to all, she knew how to draw a distinction between those of her set and others, just as a gentleman knows how to be on easy terms with his coachman without permitting that coachman to become familiar with him. She recognized a certain kind of merit in Dora Laraway and undertook to patronize her, but Dora showed no appreciation of her kindness, and it was withdrawn. Some of us thought that one reason for Miss Price's snubbing Bob Nebbins was the fact that Miss Laraway was disposed to be his friend.

Such was the situation when Labor day was coming round. Nebbins sent out invitations to a for a supper he proposed to give that day, the eve of his departure. What surprised us was that he included those who had been cool to him and even those who had cut him after he had admitted that he had worked in a factory. Even Miss Price was invited.

The next question was, What were we going to do about it? We fellows discussed the matter at the club, but men are not so particular about their social acceptances as women, and we got no further than a statement from each man either that he would go to the supper or he would do as he pleased about it. I understood that there was a good deal more discussion among the girls, some of whom—Miss Price being the prime mover—thought that they owed it to their social position to decline in a body. But they were overruled by those who did not relish the idea of giving up the supper. A third lot were independent enough to assert that they would accept even if all the others declined.

When the evening for the supper arrived—10 o'clock was the hour fixed—it was found that every one invited was present. Nebbins met us in the anteroom. What was our surprise and consternation, in some cases, to be received in overalls. Being all in full dress themselves, some considered this apparel an outrage. Fully one-third turned away and left the place. The rest chatted with one another till the door of the supper room was thrown open and we entered. Waiters stood about ready to serve the viands, and when all were seated, at a signal from the host, the covers were removed. There on each plate was a surprising feast indeed.

Each guest was served with crackers and cheese.

Nebbins began to munch his portion, while some of his guests followed his example, a few good naturedly accepting the situation, others grudgingly, while others, one by one, left the table. Very few in the face, here and there muttering maledictions on the head of the man who would invite guests to such a supper. One of the guests as he passed out glared and said:

"You may intend this as a joke. It is an insult. But what is to be expected from one who attempted to rise above his station and seeks admission to the society of his betters?"

Nebbins rose, lifted a glass and bowed imperturbably to his retiring guest, drinking his health in cold water.

The departure of this person left half a dozen men and as many girls, all of whom sat good naturedly munching crackers and cheese. When it became apparent to the host that those who remained were not disposed to upbraid him he stood up, unbuttoned his overalls, threw them off and stood before them in evening dress.

"Come," he said.

A waiter opened a door, and Nebbins led the way into an adjoining room, where stood a table with a place for each one of those remaining at the supper party. Seating themselves at the table, a real supper was served. It seemed that their host had ransacked the uttermost parts of the earth to find delicacies. As to wines, few of those present had ever drunk wines of such delicious flavor. The host, too, was in keeping with the feast he offered. Certain mannerisms that he had evidently up to this time assumed were dropped, and he appeared a plain gentleman.

"My guests," he said, "you who remain I count my friends, and so far as I am concerned you will always remain such. Those who have retired are to me a part of the great world in which I exist. You, on the contrary, are inexpressibly near to me. I owe you an explanation and will not ask you to wait for it longer.

"First of all, I am a workingman; secondly, I am a capitalist. My father and mother were both of the labor class, and I have followed in their footsteps. But I am more fortunate than most laborers in this—my father and mother worked hard and saved to give me a better education than usually falls to those of my class. All that I am is due to them. God bless them! I worked and studied at the same time. Providence bestowed upon me a gift. I began by inventing machines to save labor and ended by inventing them to give me wealth that I might help my fellow men. I have succeeded beyond my highest hopes.

"I believe that in America labor is respectable, that there is no prejudice against it as labor, and that any laborer who becomes refined can find a place among the best people of the land if he wishes to do so. To gratify a whim I came here among you. I have found that a place among the best has been open to me. You are the best. For your inferiors I care not."

During these remarks we all looked at one another, each remembering some occasion wherein we had not been as blameless as our host had assumed. I confess, remembering certain times when Nebbins appeared at his worst I had wished I might not be seen with him, I blushed for my want of independence. Nevertheless we all felt very happy at having stood the test and doubtless rejoiced that we would be able to crow over those who had not.

Naturally we all looked to the girl who had been foremost in standing by Bob Nebbins. Noticing this, he said:

"There is one among you who has not needed to be deceived. A few days ago I told her what I have told you this evening. I have her permission to announce our engagement."

It was not necessary that he should mention Dora Laraway, for she put out a red signal immediately.

There was much disappointment among those who had left. As for Miss Price, she is still looking for a man with a fortune to start her on her career as a social leader.

The [illegible]

Being Carried off with Hatred Burning in the Face.

by SARAH BRYCE VAUGHAN.

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During the American civil war there were three different classes of combatants on the southern side—the army, the partisan and the guerrilla. The army and the guerrilla lasted throughout the four years' fight; the partisan was rare except at the beginning of the war, and, though he kept up an irregular warfare to the end, he eventually became an enlisted soldier.

Young Carroll Bates of Tennessee was in the spring of 1862 a leader of one of these partisan bands. He had no commission from the Confederate government, nor were his men enlisted. The consequence was that if captured they were amenable to the same treatment as the guerrillas, which was to be hanged or shot. Bates' command numbered about thirty men, most of them of the better class, and the work they laid out for themselves was the annoyance of the Federal armies. They would interrupt communications by cutting bridges, tearing up tracks, setting fire to storehouses containing army supplies—indeed, all such work as would harass the enemies of the Confederacy. Their acts would have been legitimate had they been mustered into the service, but as citizens they were engaged in an unlawful warfare.

Bates was of that type of man of whom General N. B. Forrest was the principal. No bridge guard knew when the young partisan would swoop down on them, make them prisoners or drive them away and set fire to the bridge that had been placed in their charge. Wagon trains unless under charge of a large guard, even far in rear of the Federal front, were never safe from capture, and if captured they and the supplies they contained were burned. So bold and so annoying were Bates' men that the general in command of the Federal troops in the district he was constantly raiding sent Captain Coleman with two companies of cavalry to capture or disperse his band.

One evening Bates stopped at the house of a Union farmer and demanded supplies for his men and forage for his horses. The southerners having been supplied had not long left the farm when Captain Coleman and his troops rode up from a different direction. Upon the captain asking for information of Bates' command the farmer said:

"They have just left here. If you are after them you'll find them near here tonight. Bates' girl lives a few miles down the road, and he's sure to go to see her this evening. I'll show you the roads by which you can approach the house from different directions and surround it."

The offer was gladly accepted, and when it was quite dark the farmer sent one of his boys to reconnoiter the partisans. It was learned that the band was bivouacked in the yard of the house of one Colonel Payton, commanding a Confederate regiment in east Tennessee, whose daughter Dolly was engaged to Carroll Bates. About 10 o'clock a hundred Federal cavalrymen, converging, encircled the house and captured the entire band. The men were in the yard, most of them asleep, but Bates was in the house with his fiancee.

At the time of the capture Dolly Payton was begging her lover to obtain a commission from the Confederate government and thus avoid certain death in case of capture. Bates argued that by doing so he would become a very small part of a large army and could not as such be as useful to the cause. She was holding up to him the horror she would experience in case he were captured when they were startled by shots without. The door was thrown open, and Captain Coleman stepped in with a drawn revolver in each hand, confronting Bates, around whom the girl had thrown her arms.

Bates, seeing that he was caught, endeavored to unwind Dolly's arms, but she would not. Coleman, touched by the scene, stood waiting, waving back his men who had followed him into the house. Finally Bates unwound the arms that encircled him, and the girl fell to the floor in a faint. Coleman motioned Bates to take her up. He did so and placed her on the sofa on which the two had been sitting. By this time members of the family appeared, took charge of Dolly, and Bates was taken outside. The thirty partisans were in charge of three times their number of Union cavalrymen and escape was hopeless.

The next morning Captain Coleman entered the house and asked for writing material. He desired to send a courier to his general with a report of the capture and to ask for instructions. While he was writing Dolly Payton, white as a cloth, came in.

"What will you do with them?" she asked.

"That is for the general to decide."

"I know what he will decide. He will order you to shoot them all."

There was no reply to this.

"And why will he shoot them?" the girl went on, striving to control herself with a view to saving them. "Because they are fighting as citizens and not as soldiers. On this account they must suffer the punishment of these bands of robbers who will murder and pillage our people as well as yours."

The captain was attentive, but he had nothing to say. How could he argue a matter of justice with a girl whose lover he expected to be ordered to shoot in cold blood?

"Guerrillas are monsters," she continued, "and should be shot whenever captured. At least I would not move a hand to save them. But these boys are gentlemen's sons. They are fighting for a cause which they consider to be just. Their leader, Carroll Bates, comes of one of the oldest families in Tennessee."

"And a brave man," the captain put in.

"Yes, a brave man. Again and again with his handful of men he has ridden many miles in the rear of your lines and attacked guards much larger than his force. His only mistake has been that he is not a soldier in the army. Consider that these boys are full of zeal. They have not stopped to think that they should make war in a certain fashion. They love a life of freedom and dread the restraint of the military service."

"That's the kind for soldiers," added Coleman, "once they are trained."

"When you surprised us took it what do you suppose I was doing? I was trying to persuade Carroll to take his men into the regular Confederate service. Ever since he has been a partisan leader I have feared this result. When I last saw him I resolved that when he came again I would not cense my efforts with him till I had secured his consent. Had you been an hour later I would have gained it before you arrived."

The girl's able pleading for her lover and his men, whom she never failed to include with him, had its effect on the captain. The strain on his heart was greater than the strain had been on his nerves on any field of battle. He wished that he were the general, that he might grant this girl's request, that he might spare the lives of these boys, some of whom were barely sixteen, many of whom were not twenty-one, and none but a few years past their majority. Doubtless many of them were loved by some girl. A case of boys and girls on the one hand and grim death on the other!

After the girl's last words, seeing that Coleman was thinking, Dolly refrained from speaking. It was a picture—the young man in blue, a girl whose lover's life hung in the balance, watching intently to catch a word of hope from the enemy. Finally Coleman rose:

"Sit here," he said, "and write your request, re-enforced with your argument, and I will send it with my report to the general."

With the light of a newborn hope in her eye Dolly obeyed. What she wrote was not expressed as the captain's report—indeed, it formed a marked contrast with that report—but there was plenty of reason for the request, and Dolly's heart was in her argument. It needed nothing to send it to the heart of the man it was intended for, inasmuch as it was that of a young girl asking for her lover's life.

When she had finished it she arose and handed it to the captain, who, without reading it, placed it in an envelope and, taking it outside, gave it to one of his men, with orders to take it to the general and bring an answer.

It was fifteen miles to camp, and the greater part of the day must be consumed before a reply could be received. Captain Coleman could form no opinion of what the answer would be, except that it would be either an order to shoot every man he had captured at once or that the boon was granted. He knew that the general was a kind hearted man, but he did not know whether he would consider himself at liberty to spare what the law of war condemned or if he saw justice in Dolly Peyton's request whether he would consider that the interests of the Union cause and the army defending it demanded the death of the partisans.

Dolly Peyton remained during the day in care of her mother and others of the family. Coleman, understanding the agony of suspense she suffered, went to Bates and told him that he was permitted to go to his betrothed. Bates thanked him, went to Dolly, but remained only a short while. The strain was great, and she was better able to bear it with her mother.

As the afternoon wore on Dolly, who was becoming uncontrollable, broke away and went to a window, where she could see a bit of road several miles distant. A cavalryman was coming leisurely. He was a machine to carry orders or be shot as the case demanded without knowledge, except that he was doing what was expected of him. Coleman, hearing Dolly wildly calling on the messenger to "Come, for heaven's sake come; I shall die!" mounted his horse and rode out to get the dispatch.

When the captain on his return galloped up to the house Dolly stood on the balcony, her lover beside her, her eyes wild with suspense. He waved the paper over his head to signal "life" instead of "death," and Dolly fell limp into the hands of the man whose life was all the world to her. Then Coleman ordered the captives to be brought up before the house, and he read aloud the general's order:

The request of Miss Dolly Payton that her lover and his men be not executed as guerrillas on condition that they fight no more against the United States except as regularly commissioned or enlisted men in the Confederate armies is granted.

Several of the men thus reprieved fainted; a number staggered as if drunk; the rest broke into a wild cheer.

Later the partisans, having been paroled, went in a body to thank the girl who had turned a certain death into life. Then they scattered, most of them going to their homes.

WIGS AND BEARDS.

Bordered on the Grotesque in England in Queen Anne's Time.

At the restoration wigs began to be more generally worn, and in Queen Anne's reign they became the most costly item of gentlemen's wardrobes. Sir Richard Steele's "full buttoned black wig" cost 50 guineas (about $255), and the fashion became so cumbrous that Colley Cibber when playing "The Fool of Fashion" to satirize the styles introduced a wig of dix so large that it was brought on the stage in a sedan chair. As a matter of fact, the stagecoach lines were compelled to restrict the length of wig boxes to three feet.

John Taylor, one of the English minor poets, thus depicts the beards of his day:

Some seem as they were starched and fine,
Like to the bristles of an angry swine.
And some, to set their love's desire on edge,
Are cut and pruned like a quick set hedge:
Some like a spade, some like a fork, some square,
Some round, some mowed like stubble, some quite bare,
Some sharp stiletto fashioned, dagger-like
That may in whispering a man's eye outpyke;
Some like a hammer cut or Roman T;
These beards extravagant reformed must be:
Some with the quadrate, some triangle fashion,
Some circular, some oval in translation;
Some perpendicular in longitude,
Some like a thicket for their crassitude;
Thus height, depth, breadth, triform, square, oval, round,
And rules geometrical in beards abound.

—National Magazine.

COLONIAL VIRGINIA.

The Haughty Planters Were Fierce Foes of Royal Tyranny.

In no part of the world were social distinctions more rigidly defined than in colonial Virginia. The founders of that colony stepped from the brilliant court of Elizabeth into the forests of Virginia. The lord-proprietor transported to his estate a little army of gentlemen and indentured servants, and afterward came the negro slave. Each formed a class apart from the others, and almost at once there was created a quasi system of aristocracy.

The proprietor obligated himself to protect his tenants from the Indians. They in turn agreed to follow him to battle, precisely the system inaugurated by William the Conqueror for the military defense of his realm. His environment naturally bred certain habits of command, fostered a capacity for directing the efforts of others and imposed a sense of responsibility upon the planter for the lives that were in his keeping.

Above all else the planter jealously guarded his rights as an English freeman. When liberty languished in England the Virginian sturdily resisted every aggression of royal tyrants. One husband, one wife, one home, one king, one God—this was the planter's creed. But he reserved the right to renounce a monarch who violated the ancient compact between king and people. No other people numerically as unimportant as that group of Virginia settlers has given to humanity so many statesmen, soldiers, orators, patriots and philosophers.—Everybody's Magazine.

Baring the Feet at Worship.

In India Hindoos and Mussulmans alike wear both sandals and shoes in public and the latter boots also, but the invariable rule is to remove them after entering a private house just when stepping on to the mat or carpet on which the visitor takes his seat. They must be cast off the right foot or shoe first, before the worshiper enters a temple or mosque, and it is still regarded as an absolute profanation to attempt to enter either fully shod. But the domestic habit arose out of its obvious propriety, and the religious ritual of "the shoes of the faithful" now and for centuries past observed throughout Islam, can be demonstrated to have been dictated by, if indeed it be not derived directly from, the universal social etiquette of the east.

Did His Best.

The young politician was as obliging as possible, but there was a limit to his possibilities. When the reporter asked him what his wife would wear at the mayor's reception he assumed a confidential air.

"I'll tell you just as much as I know myself," he said. "Last night she told me she should wear white. This morning at breakfast she said she'd decided on her rose colored gown, and when I said goodby to her she had spread a gray one beside the rose colored on one chair and her black lace beside the white on another and was taking something else out of the closet. If her hair hadn't caught on a hook as she turned round I might have been able to tell you more."—Youth's Companion.

The Perfect Figure.

"John, dear," queried the young wife, glancing up from the physical culture magazine she was perusing, "what is your idea of a perfect figure?"

"Well," replied her husband, "$100,000 may not be perfection, but it's near enough to satisfy a man of my simple tastes."—Chicago News.

Facetious Nomenclature.

"The people of Wales escaped much when it was decided to call them Welshmen instead of Whalers."

"Yes, but it would have been still worse if they had called them Welshers."—Baltimore American.

He who brings ridicule to bear against truth finds in his hands a blade without a hilt.—Landor.

Somerset.

Congress—Marie R. Sharpe.
Chief Executive—John C. Knox.
Assistant Assessor—Robert E. Cessna.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Rouse.

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Berkey, Somerset.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Somerset.
Prothonotary—Frank M. Baldwin, Smethport.
State Senator—Frank M. Baldwin, Smethport.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport, M. W. Milton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy E. Mays, Smethport.
Sheriff—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—H. F. Sturgis, Smethport.
Treasurer—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank M. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Anders n, Clermont; A. E. Cary, Coryville.
Coroner—H. E. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Bardette S. Bayle.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—M. M. Heath, President; F. W. Risner, Secretary; J. W. Wilkinson, C. Working, G. H. Deming, F. L. Shattuck, J. C. Mackey, M. E. Keese.
Justices—E. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—U. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Speckt, treasurer; John M. Eastman, H. M. Mansfield, John Clark.
Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. M. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. S. Corwin, W. M. Smith.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
RALPH E. BURDICK, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 333, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree an second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I.O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE RAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 26, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE Pres.
ESTELLA B. GALLUP, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every other Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree every 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
EARL HAFNER, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 6 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.

Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

UNDERTAKING AND EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

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LARGEST GAME FISH.

The Tuna Sometimes Attains a Weight of 2,000 Pounds.

Charles Frederick Holder, the California naturalist, thus describes that remarkable fish, the tuna: "The tuna is a pelagic fish, a free lance, an ocean rover, a sort of swaggering musketeer of the sea, the largest of what may be termed the game or bony fishes, attaining a maximum weight of nearly 2,000 pounds and an approximate length of fourteen feet or more. Such a fish is very exceptional, though specimens weighing 1,500 pounds have been taken on the New England coast. I once entered a school of such tunas in the Santa Catalina channel in a big launch. The school divided to port and starboard as we passed through it, and I had a view of one or two fishes that appeared to be more than half as long as the boat.

"These fishes spend the winter in warm latitudes and migrate north as far as the mouth of the St. Lawrence. They are found in the Mediterranean and north to the Loffoden island, yet so far the efforts of anglers, except at Santa Catalina, have failed to take them with the rod. Even here there is a stretch of but eight miles or so where they can be satisfactorily played and taken with rod and reel.

"This region lies on the north side of Santa Catalina, from Avalon to Long point, and to the east as many more, facing the north, and generally smooth—more like a Scottish loch than a fishing ground twenty miles out at sea."—Chicago News.

THE FRENCH DUEL.

Tricks That Are Invoked to Make the Meeting Bloodless.

A French paper has been describing the various contrivances to insure pistol duels ending in "coffee for two." A favorite trick, it seems, is to use projectiles that look like ordinary lead bullets, but crumble to pieces when fired. In more serious cases bullets are used of smaller caliber than the pistol, thus lessening their penetrating power.

Sometimes the wad is intentionally left out, so that when the duelists face each other with the pistols held downward the bullets roll out. In many cases bullets of the right caliber are used, but only with a third of the proper powder charge, so that they are practically harmless. A variation of this trick is to load with a double powder charge, which also causes the bullets to go wide of the mark. This, however, is dangerous to the spectators.

Again, well meaning seconds sometimes use the right bullets and the right charge, but stiffen the triggers so that the extra pressure causes the bullets to go wide. Perhaps the most amusing device is the use of pistols fitted with a sort of secret safety valve, which opens when the weapon is loaded, so that the bullet drops out and only the powder charge remains.—Exchange.

A Drop In Rhetoric.

"I remember," said an official of the East Indian service, "the speech of an Anglo-Indian who was delegated by a certain district to place before the government's notice the horrible slaughter of their stock by tigers. A very noticeable titter could be heard in the audience when the delegate shouted very dramatically:

"'Mr. Chairman, the tiger is the most ferocious animal that prowls and runs at large in India. He creeps from his lurking place at the hour of midnight, when all nature is locked in the arms of Morpheus, and ere the portals of the east are unbound or bright Phoebus rises in his golden majesty whole litters of pigs are destroyed.'"

The Cat and the Tail.

Once upon a time a cat who prided herself on her wit and wisdom was prowling about the barn in search of food and saw a tail protruding from a hole.

"There is the conclusion of a rat," she said.

Then she crept stealthily toward it until within striking distance, when she made a jump and reached it with her claws. Alas, it was not the appendage of a rat, but the tail of a snake, who immediately turned and gave her a mortal bite.

Moral.—It is dangerous to jump at conclusions.

Hotel Insurance Against Robbery.

At a well known hostelry in Venice it is the practice to charge guests 25 centimes per diem for insurance against fire and robbery, the amount covered for this premium being 1,500 francs. This is a very convenient arrangement, as robbery is far from uncommon in Italy.—London Truth.

A Pugilistic Feat.

"Clancy, who give yez th' black eye yez have?"

"If I knew I'd lick 'im."

"Sure, an' don't yez know?

"How c'd I know? Me back was turned at th' toime."—Toledo Blade.

What He Got.

"What're ye comin' home with your milk pail empty for?" demanded the farmer. "Didn't the old cow give anything?"

"Yep," replied the chore boy, "nine quarts and one kick."—Exchange.

Her Specialty.

Miss Crimsonbeak—I'd like to be a lawyer, Mr. Crimsonbeak—I guess you'd rather be a judge. "Why so?" "Oh, you'd have the last word then."—Yonkers Statesman.

MOTHER'S VISIT.

The Old Lady Meant Well, but She Got a Severe Shock.

An old fashioned woman from the country recently packed some fried chicken, bread and doughnuts in a market basket and went to see her daughter, who lives in a big city. She was scandalized when the family stayed up till 11 o'clock and decided that she wouldn't tell pa about it when she wrote home next day. "He might think we have fallen into evil ways," she said to herself as she was going off to sleep.

She awoke at her usual time, 4 o'clock, and the house seemed strangely quiet. "Town folks do get lazy," she thought, "and they probably don't get up till 5." She dressed and went downstairs and watched the clock until 5. Not a sound. Then she waited till 6, and at 7, between hunger and alarm, she was almost crazed. "They've been murdered in their beds!" she yelled at 8 o'clock from the front steps. And soon the house was filled with people rushing in to see what had happened.

The family were surprised and indignant when police, market gardeners, newsboys, etc., rushed into their bedrooms and woke them up. And this explains why the old fashioned woman came home that day. "I never expected," she sobbed to pa, "that any girl would talk to her ma as Jane talked to me."—Atchison Globe.

HAWAII'S BIG VOLCANO.

Curious Relics of Lava It Has Left in the Forests.

Hawaii possesses one of the greatest natural wonders of the present day world—a live volcano as high as Vesuvius and twice its diameter.

Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii, stands thirty miles from the sea in a mountain range in which are three dead volcanoes and one partially alive. This last, called Mauna Loa, from time to time sends streams of lava down its slopes. In 1881 three streams burst forth from the sides of this mountain, and one of them came within three-quarters of a mile of Hilo, the chief city of the island. There have been several outbreaks of Kilauea in the last hundred years. In 1840 there was a brilliant eruption of lava, the light of which, it was said, could be seen a hundred miles away, while at the distance of forty miles one could read print at midnight.

Where the lava flowed through the forest it has left curious relics in lava arches, bridges and great vases. These vases were formed by the lava piling itself about some lofty tree trunk, burning away the wood within and killing the upper part of the tree. In the course of time seeds were deposited in the open top, filled with decaying bark, until now there is a gigantic lava vase, holding ferns and flowers and vines.—Exchange.

A Coin Worth Millions.

Somewhere in the world—possibly among the relics kept by some lover of the great Napoleon—there is a fortune, perhaps unsuspected. Among the coins Napoleon had minted were some millions of five franc pieces, and he determined to popularize these in an extraordinary way. In one of the coins, folded to a tiny size, was inclosed a note signed by Napoleon and promising the sum of 5,000,000 francs to the finder of that particular coin. Naturally everybody who changed a large piece demanded the new five franc coins in exchange and, as a rule, probed and dug and sounded the metal in eager search for the hidden note. But the years went on, and yet the note did not appear. Napoleon's plighted word is a sacred trust to the French nation, and today the government stands ready to pay the debt, which, with interest, is now worth many millions.—London Answers.

A Grand Rout.

It is not always the largest foe who can make the greatest disturbance and cause the most confusion. In his "Hunting Grounds of the Great West" Richard Irving Dodge tells of a little incident of the Mexican war which proves that it is quality, not quantity, which is most effective.

While General Taylor's little army was marching from Corpus Christi to Matamoras a soldier of the flank of the column fired at a bull. The animal charged, and the soldier, taking to his heels, ran into the column. The bull, undaunted by the number of the enemy, followed him headlong, scattering several regiments like chaff, and finally escaped unhurt, having demoralized and put to flight an army which a few days after covered itself with glory by victoriously encountering five times its number of human enemies.

Leigh Hunt's Grave.

In the serene silence of Kensal Green cemetery, London, Leigh Hunt's body lies at rest. A visitor, reaching over the iron fence to part the fragrant shrubs that shadow the tombstone, reads these words:

"Write me as one who loves his fellow men."

It was his own cheerful philosophy of life that Leigh Hunt expressed through the lips of his Abou Ben Adhem, and the sentiment is very touching come upon in this way.

A Preliminary.

Mrs. Ferguson—George, what do you have to do when you want to draw some money out of a bank? Mr. Ferguson—You have to put some money in the bank beforehand. That's always been my experience.

It is better to write one word upon the rock than a thousand on the water and the sand.—Gladstone.

The Specter Bird

A Story of Modern Shanghai.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Ling To Fey's gorgeous junk moved slowly up the Huangpo river, the steersman skilfully guiding his unwieldy craft in and out of the shipping. In the luxurious cabin of the pleasure craft two Americans were dining with the most powerful mandarin in northwest China. Ling To Fey, a massive bulk of flesh, was gorgeous in blue brocade.

At his right hand sat Luke Ponsonby, millionaire promoter of mining industries. His attorney and friend, John Burnett, sat at the left of the Chinese potentate.

The attorney knew it required a delicate approach of the crafty and superstitious official, but after many weeks of skirmishing he had brought together the two principals in the transactions. The evening on the junk was the result.

"I presume your excellency," said Burnett, "is prepared to close this matter now. All that remains is for you to sign this agreement and give Mr. Ponsonby a receipt for his check, which covers one-half of the agreed amount. The remainder will be paid to you at the expiration of your term of office, when the matter may be made public."

"Quite true," murmured Ling To Fey in his slow English words. "I shall be pleased to discuss the matter when my secretary appears. Meanwhile we will enjoy the entertainment."

He clapped his hands, and a moment later wide casements were thrown open, revealing the flower boat alongside keeping pace with the junk's leisurely progress. The lanterns in the cabin were extinguished, and the three men gathered about the window to witness the spectacle.

Burnett's eyes seemed to pierce the darkness beyond the lighted boat. His compelling glance seemed to demand reassurance from something that should be near at hand, and a vague anxiety crept into his watching face as no sign appeared.

His eyes finally wandered to the massive head of the mandarin behind whom he stood. The glowing ruby in the white velvet cap seemed to pulsate with some strange emotion.

After awhile the mandarin clapped his hands, and the slugsong boat dropped astern and was seen no more.

As the windows were closed and lights flared forth Ponsonby drew out his watch. "The hour grows late, excellency. We wish to return to Shanghai before midnight," he drawled.

The mandarin smiled blandly. His voice was smooth as silk. "I regret that my villainous secretary has been left behind in Shanghai. I have dispatched a sampan for him, and in the meantime we will anchor until he appears. The matter must wait until the rascal joins us."

The two Americans exchanged quick glances. The lawyer spoke first.

"If that is the case we will defer the settlement of this matter."

"We will await the coming of the secretary," purred the mandarin softly.

"It will avoid future unpleasantness"—began Burnett with some heat, when something happened that closed his lips into a rigid line.

Out of the night beyond the closed windows, so loud that it seemed almost at his elbow, there came a blood freezing scream, followed by a splash, a choking gurgle and then dead silence.

"What was that?" Burnett asked sharply.

The mandarin shrugged his fat shoulders, and for the first time his eyes fully opened, and the hatred in their depths startled the foreigners. "A killing—a small matter," he sneered.

The cry in the night as they passed through the houseboat city merely served to strengthen their belief that up here, now beyond the confines of the native city, they were quite at the mercy of the mandarin.

Instinctively Burnett's hand sought his hip pocket and came away—empty! His muttered exclamation prompted Ponsonby to feel for his own weapon, with the same result. Some time since their arrival on board they had been relieved of their revolvers.

Ling To Fey's yellow hand touched a gong beside him and the curtains parted to admit the recreant secretary, who doubtless had been within ten feet of his master during the entire voyage.

The mandarin uttered a few words in Chinese and the secretary moved swiftly to the heavy draperies that covered the walls of the cabin and lifted them one by one, revealing rows of armed servants in grim outline against the carved background.

When the Americans had counted thirty in all the last curtain dropped from the hand of the secretary.

"A holdup for sure!" murmured Ponsonby, drawing a small leather covered book from his pocket. From among the leaves of cigarette wrappers he drew a thin folded slip of paper, tore it in two and passed half to his companion.

"Smoke your last cigarette, Burnett," he said significantly, offering his tobacco pouch.

Burnett smiled sardonically as he deftly rolled a cigarette and watched Ponsonby do the same. Then as he touched a match to his smoke his glance caught the malevolent gaze of the mandarin.

Ling To Fey uttered a few sharp orders and the secretary motioned the foreigners away from their stand behind the table. Reluctantly they stepped aside, careful that their backs should be against a shuttered uncurtained window.

The secretary opened a wide panel in the bulkhead, disclosing a canopied dais on which was a gilded and inlaid chair. On either side of the chair stood one of the mandarin's retainers, splendid in purple and silver and bearing a tall staff tipped with red feathers.

A low lacquered table was placed before the dais and spread with a cloth of golden tissue. Then the mandarin slowly arose and mounted into the chair of state.

"Sons of dogs," began the mandarin politely, "because I am a merciful ruler I shall give you an opportunity to die respectably that your wretched souls may be afforded some solace when you taste the bitter tortures of the nether world. I will graciously permit you to drink a cup of poison instead of having your heads cut off as you deserve!"

Ponsonby lounged forward and removed his half consumed cigarette from between his smiling lips.

"Then the deal is off?" he queried.

The mandarin frowned thoughtfully. "I do not understand your meaning," he said at last.

The millionaire explained. Burnett, his broad back pressed against the window, felt the shutter give beneath his weight. A little rush of cool air came in the opening, and with it came a distant sound that awoke every sense.

Ling To Fey was speaking: "The only deal that will be consummated between us tonight is that you will place the documents that have been drawn up, together with Mr. Ponsonby's check on the Shanghai bank, on the table before me."

"And after that?" queried Ponsonby.

"After that you may quaff the poisoned cup," answered the mandarin amiably.

Burnett over at the window had managed to slip his handkerchief through the crack at his back and wedge one corner so that it hung out into the night. Then he came forward and stood beside his companion.

Ling To Fey's face was inflexible in its cruelty. "Place the check on the table," he commanded.

In unison they cast the Americans' flung the remnants of their cigarettes on the low table. "There's what's left of it," said Burnett grimly.

Before the mandarin could command the servants to kill Burnett's hand shot up in the air with a gesture.

"Excellency, listen! The cry of the specter bird!" he shouted.

The mandarin seemed to shrivel in size as he bent forward, one fat hand raised to his ear, his face pallid with fear. The servants had paused as if frozen in their tracks, with their jet eyes fixed in terror, arms unlifted, menacing destruction to the two men at the window.

Then out of the night there came a strange, unearthly cry.

When its last echo had died away Burnett spoke in a solemn voice, though his keen eyes sparkled hopefully:

"Let all beware who hear the voice of the specter bird! Let them cease what they are doing, make peace with enemies, lest they die a dreadful death! Listen, excellency! It may come again!"

Then all at once it did come again in the very cabin of the junk, and at the sound Ling To Fey's huge bulk lifted up in the air with an unearthly cry of terror and fell lifeless and twitching on the floor before his dais, dead from very fright.

Through the doorway there streamed a file of American marines headed by an officer, who leaped forward at the outstretched hands of his fellow countrymen at the window.

"Just in time, eh?" he beamed as they voiced their thanks. "Good thing you pressed us into service as a bodyguard, eh, Burnett? The Grayling has sneaked along in your wake for hours. When the junk was wedged into this creek we became suspicious that some dirty work was up and scouted. One by one we caught the fellows on deck and put them into the dispatch boat. Then one of the boys saw your handkerchief at the window, and we worked the specter bird cry on them. Does the business every time!"

"Where are we now?"

"The Grayling is towing you down the river. Another half hour and you'll be in the city."

In the early morning hours in Ponsonby's rooms at the hotel the millionaire drew from his pocket the magnificent ruby that had formed the button on Ling To Fey's official cap and handed it to the lieutenant of the Grayling.

"The cry of the specter bird saved our lives, Decker," he said, with emotion.

"Not on your life," vociferated the other; "makes me crawl when I think of scaring the old beggar to death. Wouldn't have cared a rap if it had been an open fight. Burnett's forethought in asking for escort saved the day!" He tossed it to the attorney.

That is how Lieutenant Decker sent home a check that month which enabled his father to pay off the mortgage on his farm, while Burnett's wife wears as a pendant at her throat the magnificent ruby that once graced a mandarin's cap. Ponsonby does not own any coal mines in China.

Beside the Guillotine

A Break in the Grim Machine Made a Great Difference.

By HERMAN WINFIELD.

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Truth is so much stranger than fiction that perhaps it is better to state that the main incident of this story actually happened just as it is recorded.

The French revolution had reached that stage commonly designated the reign of terror. Every day the doors of the conciergerie prison opened to let out a number of human beings, not to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," as was enunciated shortly before by the American colonists in their Declaration of Independence, but to suffer death on the guillotine. At first the victims were confined to those who stood for tyranny. The king, the queen, the nobility, royalty and its supporters lost their heads. Then the different factions that had brought about the revolution began to fight for power, and the Conservatives were guillotined by the Radicals. After this whoever desired to get rid of one he wished to remove had but to inform upon him as an enemy to France, and the accused would join the "innumerable caravan" passing under the yoke of the guillotine to his long home.

It was not always an enemy that was to be got rid of. Sometimes it was a friend. That friend might possess something that at his death would fall into the hands of the informer.

There lived in Paris at that time a young couple, Henri and Marie Chateaubrun, who were devoted to each other. Henri when the struggle against oppression began took a deep interest in it, advocating the reforms that were proposed. He and a friend of his, Antoine Boyer, became somewhat prominent as leaders in that quarter of the city in which they lived. Boyer, who was a bachelor, came often to the Chateaubruns to consult with his friend upon the course to be adopted by them in public affairs. Mme. Chateaubrun took a lively interest in the early efforts of the revolutionists to make France a constitutional monarchy, and was usually present at the conferences of her husband and his friend.

During these meetings Boyer conceived a passion for Mme. Chateaubrun. For a time he struggled against it, not even acknowledging to himself that he loved his friend's wife. But the time came when he knew that life for him was not worth living without her.

As the revolution proceeded the two friends and coworkers found themselves on different paths. Chateaubrun continued a Conservative, while Boyer joined the ranks of the bloodthirsty Jacobins. The latter did not give up his visits to the Chateaubruns. Indeed, he was not able to keep away from the young wife of his friend. Since neither she nor her husband suspected his love he was always welcome.

And now, the revolution having swept beyond the conservatives, those who had hoped for beneficent results to France, who had worked for the beginning of a better regime, found themselves in the position of enemies to their country. In attempting to stay the flow of blood they incurred the enmity of those who were shedding it. Then it was that Mme. Chateaubrun began to fear for the safety of her husband. She urged him to retire from any further participation in public affairs, to go to a small estate he owned in the country. But, dangerous as it was to continue a contest with the leaders of the mob, Chateaubrun was too much of a man to cease to defend what he considered the best interests of his country.

Fiercer and fiercer grew the mob, requiring of their leaders more and larger drafts of blood. Mme. Chateaubrun begged her husband to leave Paris. He sent for his friend Boyer, now one of the Jacobin leaders, and asked him what he had better do. Boyer said he would take the matter under advisement and let him know his conclusions.

The day after this interview there was a knock at Chateaubrun's door, and when it was opened a party of soldiers entered and informed Chateaubrun that he was under arrest by order of the convention. In spite of his clinging wife he was dragged away and lodged in the conciergerie.

He demanded all arrested persons made the demand to know the charge brought against him. He received no reply till he was brought up for the semblance of a trial he was given, then was informed that he was accused of conspiring with others to bring the Duke of Orleans across the border and establish him as king. Chateaubrun knew that there was not a word of truth in the charge, but its very absurdity told him that it was a pretext rather than an accusation, and he lost hope at once.

There were twenty-one persons tried at the same time with Chateaubrun and convicted on various pretexts. They were all sentenced to be executed on the guillotine on the same day. All were imprisoned in the conciergerie which was the depot of supplies, so to speak, for the terrible engine of death. The day before the execution Mme. Chateaubrun went to Boyer and begged him to save her husband. He told her that to show favor to one convicted by the mob's tribunal would be to endanger his own head. She was astonished that he considered the risk in the case of his old friend, but Boyer maintained resolutely that he dare not interfere. From Boyer the wife went to the conciergerie to tell her husband of the failure of her mission and to bid him goodby. She was taken from the prison and carried home in a swoon.

The next morning a number of carts were backed up to the door of the conciergerie, and a soldier in the prison called the names of twenty-one men who were to go forth to execution. Among them was Henri Chateaubrun. They all walked out to the carts, some of them dragging themselves, some erect, all of them showing in their pale and haggard features the mark of death. Standing in the carts, they were driven toward the Seine and crossed it by a bridge entering the Place de la Revolution, since called the Place de la Concorde. There stood the guillotine with persons to work it ready to lop off twenty-one heads, and there stood a crowd, kept back by soldiers, to witness the grewsome sight. The carts stopped beside the machine, and the victims descended from the carts.

And now began a work that even an implement so well adapted to the purpose found it difficult to perform. Each one of the prisoners, hatless and with his hands tied behind his back, in turn stepped up to it, was laid upon it, strapped to it; the knife fell, his head rolled into the basket, and his body was removed to make room for the next victim. Fifteen of the twenty-one had been executed when the guillotine refused to work. Whether the knife got wedged in the grooves or whether the machinery that raised the ax or that which detached it after it had been raised got out of order doesn't matter. Something had gone wrong, and those in charge of the executions were unable to fix it.

The proceedings were stopped, and a messenger was sent for mechanics to put the guillotine in order. This required time. Waiting is not conducive to discipline. The soldiers who were there to keep the crowd back grew lax, and by the time workmen had arrived people had elbowed their way close upon the remaining six men standing in line waiting for the repairs on the machine that was to make corpses of them.

"Get back!" cried the guards, shoving the crowd with the butts of their muskets.

This was repeated so often and was disobeyed so often that at last very little attention was paid to it. Chateaubrun presently found himself in the first line of spectators. Then, instead of being in the line next the guillotine, he found himself in the second. In the pushing that continued he was wedged back into the third line and at last was at the back of the crowd that was there to see his head cut off.

There was something radically wrong with the guillotine. The men fixing it hammered and pulled and pushed and screwed and unscrewed. Meanwhile the day was ended, and it was growing dark. Chateaubrun, considering the sight of his execution not worth so long a wait, quietly walked away.

The Place de la Concorde is at the beginning of the Champs d'Elysees. Chateaubrun, every moment expecting to be missed, concealing as well as he could his tied hands, his heart beating wildly, passed into the Champs d'Elysees, eager to run, but forcing himself to walk leisurely. There he made his way, onward in the shadow of the trees. Finally, when he had gone far enough from the scene of his intended execution, meeting a man coming toward him, he said:

"M'sieur, a friend of mine just now, who is a great wag, tied my hands behind my back and ran away with my hat. Kindly unloosen me."

"Certainly, m'sieur; it will give me great pleasure to do so."

Thanking the man who had relieved him of the last mark of being an intended guillotine victim, Chateaubrun went into a side street and was lost. The guillotine was fixed, but there were twenty instead of twenty-one persons executed.

No word of Chateaubrun's escape reached his wife during the day of execution, nor the next, nor the next. Indeed, it is questionable if his absence from the number of the condemned was noticed by the authorities. Mme. Chateaubrun was in the condition of one stunned. Boyer called to see her and found her heartbroken. She told him she wished to die. He begged her to live for his sake, confessing the love he had long felt for her. She was too paralyzed mentally and physically to even consider what he said. Not till some time afterward did she realize that he might have had her husband put out of his way.

But within a short time a woman stopped at Mme. Chateaubrun's home and told her that her husband was alive in the Netherlands and desired her to come to him. He had not dared write her, fearing to implicate her as a correspondent with an emigre. Without waiting even to announce her happiness to Boyer she set out for the place of her husband's exile, and in a few days he who was supposed to have gone to his long home and the wife who had mourned him were clasped in each other's arms.

Chateaubrun never had any evidence that his old friend had betrayed him except that his wife told him that Boyer had declared his love for her. He believed then that Boyer had caused his downfall. But he never met Boyer again. Subsequent changes placed the Jacobin under another faction, and Boyer met his death by the guillotine he had intended for Chateaubrun.

KILLED BY RUNAWAY TEAM.

Perry Lubold, a Well Known Citizen of Russell City, Met With Fatal Accident.

Our correspondent at DeYoung post-office, which is better known as Russell City, this county, sends us the following important item of news under date of September 13:

"This community was shrouded in gloom by the sudden death of Perry Lubold, which occurred on Monday. Mr. Lubold was employed as teamster for Wm. Bramer and while driving a refractory team to Maplerun the horses became frightened and he not being able to control them any longer met his death by being thrown from the wagon.

"Deceased had resided in this place the greater part of his life and was well liked by all his friends and acquaintances. He was 39 years of age and is survived by a widowed mother, who resides in this place, and two children, Mrs. Rosa Van Orman and Frank Lubold of Sackett; also by the following brothers and sisters: Mrs. Lewis Brown of Laurette, E. M. Lubold of Russell City, and John Lubold of Bakersfield, California.

"The funeral will be held on Wednesday. Interment in Highland cemetery. The entire community join in sympathy with the bereaved relatives."—Ridgway Record.

CALL OF THE WILD.

Panther In Woods Near Duke Center 'Tis Said.

The Bradford Sunday Herald says: A panther has been loafing around in the big woods on the Kansas Hill near Duke Center. E. Galutia of the South Penn. Oil Co. saw the animal last week, but could not get a shot at him. The beast is running around the hills and last week killed a bull dog and hound. Harry Staley of Knapps Creek, son of Henry Staley, foreman of the South Penn Oil Co., left his father's residence the other evening at 10 o'clock for his home at Knapps Creek, four miles distant through a wild and deserted country. He was followed by the animal for two miles, which emitted blood curdling yells and a bird dog which accompanied him cowered by his side with fear. The beast crashed into a thick woods and disappeared.

H. E. Swasey, who lives on the oil valley road, has heard the beast howl at night and that a large wild animal is prowling around through the tall timber, is a true story. An expedition will be organized in Duke Center in a few days to look for what is supposed to be a panther or wild cat.

Pennsylvania Type C, Four Cylinder Touring Car, 1909, Five Passenger. Cost fully equipped, $3500.00. Will sell for half. Run less than 6,000 miles. Tires new. Overhauled and repainted at factory last winter.

Address MELVILLE GILLETT,
Aug. 25-tf Smethport, Pa.

NOTICE.

The following accounts of executors, administrators and guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court, to be held at Smethport, in and for the County of McKean, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the first Monday of October, A. D. 1910.

First and final account of Norman H. Wardle, executor of the last Will and Testament of Ira Wardle, deceased.

First and final account of J. O. Field, guardian of Fannie Shrakley, late minor child of Solomon R. Shrakley, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of Emma Larson, guardian of Maud Johnson, late minor child of Swan Johnson, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of Eugene Peake, administrator of the estate of Belle Beigel, deceased.

Final account of C. F. Haughney administrator of the estate of Bridget Riley, deceased.

First and final account of T. F. Connolly, Charles Glynn, Emma McEvoy and John A. McEvoy, executors of the last Will and Testament of John E. McEvoy, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of Harris Cohen, guardian of Neighton Nesselson, late minor child of Minnie Nesselson deceased.

First, final and distributive account of Peter Hanson, administrator of the estate of Carl John Karlson, deceased.

Final account of James A. Lindsey, administrator of the estate of Laura H. Sheehy, deceased.

First and final account of E. E. Buel, executor of the last Will and Testament of Maria K. Niboof, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of John Amend, executor of the last Will and Testament of Bernard Amend, deceased.

Final account of Nina E. Durham Crowl, executrix of the last Will and Testament of John C. Durham, deceased.

First and final account of A. J. Esty, administrator of the estate of Thomas Thompson, deceased.

First and final account of Margaret Connell, administratrix of the estate of Peter Connell, deceased.

First and final account of Elsora Whitney, administratrix of the estate of F. B. Whitney, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN,
Register.

Smethport, Pa., September 3, 1910.
Sept. 8-4t.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE of sundry writs of Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1910,

at 1 p. m. the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that piece and parcel of land situate in the Borough of Port Allegany, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: BEGINNING at a point in the centre of Chestnut Street distant North sixty (60) degrees east one hundred and forty one and one half (141½) feet from the centre of Main Street; thence South thirty (30) degrees east seven and three tenths (7.3) rods to the north line of land late of Miles Rice, now Blackman; thence along the said line north sixty (60) degrees east one hundred forty two and four tenths (142.4) feet more or less to the centre of Church street; thence along the centre of Church street north nineteen (19) degrees east to the centre of Chestnut street; thence along centre of same south sixty (60) degrees west one hundred and fifty six and five tenths (156.5) feet more or less to the place of beginning; being the same premises conveyed to John P. Reed and Phebe Reed by deed from Mary A. Reed, dated August 1st, 1901, and recorded in McKean County Deed Book Vol. No. 115 at page 401, etc.

EXCEPTING AND RESERVING THEREFROM THE FOLLOWING TWO (2) DESCRIBED PARCELS OR LOTS OF LAND:—

(1). Commencing at a point in the centre of Chestnut street at the north west corner of lot deeded to John P. Reed and Phebe Reed by Mary W. Reed; thence *south thirty (30) degrees east along line* of lands of W. J. Eager seven and three tenths (7.3) rods to line of Blackman lot; thence north sixty (60) degrees east along lands of Blackman forty six feet more or less to a pin; thence north thirty (30) degrees west seven and three tenths (7.3) rods to the centre of Chestnut street; thence south sixty (60) degrees west forty six (46) feet more or less to a pin, the place of beginning being the same premises contracted by John P. Reed and Phebe Reed to Charles Little, by contract dated July 10th, 1904.

(2). Commencing at a point in the centre of Chestnut street standing north sixty (60) degrees east forty six (46) feet from the northwest corner of land contracted to Charles Little by contract bearing date *July 10, 1904*; thence south *thirty (30)* degrees east along line of Little contract seven and three tenths (7.3) rods to line of Blackman land; thence north sixty (60) degrees east along line of Blackman land forty six (46) feet to a corner; thence *north thirty (30)* degrees west seven and three tenths (7.3) rods to the centre of Chestnut street; thence south sixty (60) degrees west forty six (46) feet in the place of beginning; being the same premises contracted by John P. Reed and Phebe Reed to Josias George and E. Blanche George by contract dated July 10th, 1904.

Improved and having thereon 1 two story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John P. Reed and Phebe Reed at suit of Arthur G. Olmsted.

Thos. H. Morrison, Plaintiff's Attorney.

2.

Defendants' interest in all that certain parcel or lot of land situate in the sixth Ward of the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Being Lot Number 10, fronting 134.25 feet on Mill street, as shown on the Mill Street Sewer Assessment Map as made by A. F. Bannon, City Engineer of the City of Bradford, said map being attached to the *viewers' Report in the above entitled case* on file in the Prothonotary's Office of said McKean County, at No. 158 October Term, 1906.

Improved and having thereon two one story frame houses.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Sarah Peterson, Abbie Peterson (now intermarried with Edward Dewey); and Sarah Peterson, Abbie Peterson, (now intermarried with Edward Dewey), Frank S. Peterson, George W. Peterson and Florence A. Newell, heirs at law of Helen Peterson, deceased at suit of City of Bradford.

F. P. Schoonmaker, City Solicitor, Plaintiff's Attorney.

3.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, McKean County, and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3166 being lot No. 111 Janeway Street, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the North line of Janeway Street two *hundred and fifty feet (250 ft.)* Eastward of the Northeast corner of Janeway and Yarnell Streets; thence parallel to Yarnell street by lot (29 North twenty degrees west one hundred and forty feet (N. 20 degrees W. 140 ft.); thence parallel to *Janeway street North seventy degrees* east fifty feet (N. 70 degrees E. 50 ft.); thence by lot 113 South twenty degrees east one hundred and forty feet (S. 20 degrees E. 140 ft.) to the North line of Janeway Street; thence by the North line of Janeway Street (30 feet from the cehtre line thereof) south seventy degrees west fifty feet (S. 70 degrees W. 50 ft.) to the place of beginning, containing seven thousand (7000) square feet of land more or less and to be used only for the site for one dwelling house and the usual and customary outbuildings pertaining thereto.

Improved and having erected thereon one two story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Mrs. Ida C. Johnson and Frank Johnson at suit of Charles W. Johnson.

R. J. Campbell, Plaintiff's Attorney.

4.

Defendants' interest in all that village lot, plot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Borough of Eldred, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, and being lot Number (3) three section "B" (at the corner of "Mechanic and "Oak" Street) of the survey and plat of lands of Mary E. Borden in said Borough as plotted and surveyed by Robert Kline, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a stake in the line of Mechanic Street, the southwest corner of lands heretofore contracted to Josephine Cummings, running thence west along the line of said street to the corner of Oak street (8) eight rods; thence north along Oak street line (4) four rods to a post; thence east parallel with Mechanic street (8) rods to a post; thence south parallel with Oak street (4) four rods to the place of beginning, containing (32) thirty-two square rods of land, strict *measure, be the same more or less.*

Also, all that Borough lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Borough of Eldred, County and State aforesaid on the East side of Oak street, and being lot Number (2) two of section "B" of the said plot of lands of Mary E. Borden, bounded and described as follows, to-wit; Beginning at the northwest corner of lot number (3) three of section "B" of said plot of lands of Mary E. Borden set a stake in the line of "Oak" street (a contemplated street, so called), running thence east along the north line of the said No. "3" lot (said lot having been contracted to said Sebastian Lang the 12th day of June, 1905) (8) eight rods to a post corner, the northeast corner of said Number "3" lot thence north along lands contracted to Mrs. Josephine Cummings and lands of Mary E. Borden, (4) four rods to a post corner, thence west, parallel with said first line (8) eight rods to a post corner in the line of said contemplated street, thence south along the line of said *contemplated street* (4) four rods to the place of beginning, being rectangular lot (4) four rods by (8) eight rods and containing thirty two (32) square rods of land strict measure, be the same more or less.

Improved and having thereon erected three one story frame dwelling houses.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Sebastian Lang and Victorine Lang at suit of T. E. Baldensperger.

Thos. H. Morrison, Plaintiff's Attorney.

5.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in Wetmore Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania; parts of Warrants Nos. 3167, bounded and described as follows; Lot II of the survey of 1867. Beginning in the Southeast corner of land late of F. J. Glatt in the North side of the Big Level road; thence by said land late of Glatt North 25 degrees 15 minutes East thirty six 50-100 chains (36. 50 ch.) to the Northeast corner thereof; thence South 87 degrees 30 minutes East seven 91-100 chains (7.91ch) to the Watermill Board; thence by said Road South 12 degrees 30 minutes West forty-nine 80-100 chains (49.80 ch.) to the North side of Big Level Road; thence by said North side of road North 36 degrees 48 minutes West six 80-100 chains (6.80 ch., North 28 degrees 48 minutes West three chains (3 ch.); North 36 degrees 48 minutes West four 30-100 (4.30 ch.) and North 42 degrees 56 minutes West eight 20-100 chains (8.20 ch.) to the place of beginning. Containing Sixty-three 88-100 Acres (63.88 A.) more or less. (As surveyed by R. T. Mason in A. D. 1869 the courses being given with the magnetic bearings of that year. Subject to such rights as may have been acquired in and to a certain one acre of said lot by the School Directors of Sergeant Township, if any such rights shall be found to exist. This agreement being made and accepted subject to all the reservations and exceptions in deed from Elizabeth D. Kane, dated July 5th, 1899, for these premises. Also all that piece, parcel or lot of land situate in Sergeant (now Wetmore) township, McKean Co., Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the Northerly boundary of the State Road leading from Kane to Smethport, seventeen perches from the northwest corner of the fifty acre lot of land of A. John Nohiquist lying in the northeasterly side of said State Road, and running thence by the said State Road south fifty three and one half degrees East ten perches to a post; thence north thirty-six and one-half degrees, eight perches to a post; thence north fifty three and one half degrees west ten perches to a post; thence south thirty six and one half degrees west eight perches to the place of beginning. Containing one-half acre of land, more or less. Being the same lot of land which was conveyed to the grantors herein by Wetmore Township School District by Deed dated November 20th, 1906;

Reserving from out of the last described piece of land of one half acre, to Johanna Norlin one half of any oil or gas that said second party may produce therefrom.

Having thereon erected one two story frame dwelling house and several small outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of E. C. Anderson at suit of Henry Norlin and Johanna Norlin.

Huey & Hubbard, Plaintiffs' Attorneys.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., September 14, 1910.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 84, February Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Walter E. Worrell, on the 26th day of Jan'y, 1910, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Hildred I. Worrell.

We therefore command you, the said Hildred I. Worrell that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person *before our Judges at Smethport*, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the first Monday of October, next, to answer the petition or libel of Hildred I. Worrell and show cause if any you have, why the said Walter E. Worrell, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., September 7, 1910.

E. R. Mayo & Son, Libellant's Attorneys.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 77, February Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Michael F. Scanlon, on the 21st day of Jan'y, 1910, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Agnes Caleath Scanlon.

We therefore command you, the said Agnes Caleath Scanlon, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the first Monday of October, next, to answer the petition or libel of Michael F. Scanlon and show cause if any you have, why the said Michael F. Scanlon, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., September 7, 1910.

T. H. Morrison, Libellant's Attorney.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 66, February Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Perry L. Evans, on the 17th day of Jan'y, 1910, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Agnes M. Evans.

We therefore command you, the said Agnes M. Evans, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person *before our Judges at Smethport*, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the first Monday of October, next, to answer the petition or libel of Perry L. Evans and show cause if any you have, why the said Perry L. Evans, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., September 7, 1910.

C. W. Catlin Libellant's Attorney.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 150, June Term, 1908.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Mary Burdick, on the 20th day of April, 1908, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced *from the bonds of matrimony* entered into with you, Henry Burdick.

We therefore command you, the said Henry Burdick, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person *before our Judges at Smethport*, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the first Monday of October, next, to answer the petition or libel of Mary Burdick and show cause if any you have, why the said Mary Burdick, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., September 7, 1910.

C. W. Catlin Libellant's Attorney.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 7, February Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas Sherman P. Button, on the 13th day of Dec., 1909, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, May L. Button.

We therefore command you, the said May L. Button, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the first Monday of October, next, to answer the petition or libel of Sherman P. Button and show cause if any you have, why the said Sherman P. Button, your husband, should not be divorced *from the bonds of matrimony*, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., September 7, 1910.

C. W. Catlin Libellant's Attorney.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION, BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Number One.

A CONCURRENT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section twenty-six of article five of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Resolved (if the Senate concur), That the following amendment to section twenty-six of article five of the Constitution of Pendsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section 26 of Article V., which reads as follows: "Section 26. All laws relating to courts shall be general and of uniform operation, and the organization, jurisdiction, and powers of all courts of the same class or grade, so far as regulated by law and the force and effect of the process and judgments of such courts, shall be uniform; and the General Assembly is hereby prohibited from creating other courts to exercise the powers vested by this Constitution in the judges of the Courts of Common Pleas and Orphans' Courts," be amended so that the same shall read as follows:—

Section 26. All laws relating to courts shall be general and of uniform operation, and the organization, jurisdiction, and powers of all courts of the same class or grade, so far as regulated by law, and the force and effect of the process and judgments of such courts, shall be uniform; but, notwithstanding any provisions of this Constitution, the General Assembly shall have full power to establish new courts, from time to time, as the same may be needed in any city or county, and to prescribe the powers and jurisdiction thereof, and to increase the number of judges in any courts now existing or hereafter created, or to reorganize the same, or to vest in other courts the jurisdiction theretofore exercised by courts not of record, and to abolish the same wherever it may be deemed necessary for the order; and efficient administration of justice.

A true copy of Resolution No. 1.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Two.

RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, so as to eliminate the requirement of payment of taxes as a qualification of the right to vote.

Resolved (if the House of Representatives concur), That the following amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:

That section one of article eight be amended, by striking out the fourth numbered paragraph thereof, so that the said section shall read as follows:

Section 1. Every male citizen twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at all elections, subject however to such laws requiring and regulating the registration of electors as the General Assembly may enact.

First. He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

Second. He shall have resided in the State one year (or, if having previously been a qualified elector or native-born citizen of the State, he shall have removed therefrom and returned, then six months), immediately preceding the election.

Third. He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least two months immediately preceding the election.

A true copy of Resolution No. 2.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Three.

A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, so as to consolidate the courts of common pleas of Allegheny County.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section six of article five be amended, by striking out the said section, and inserting in place thereof the following:

Section 6. In the county of Philadelphia all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the district courts and courts of common pleas, subject to such changes as may be made by this Constitution or by law, shall be in Philadelphia vested in five distinct and separate courts of equal and coordinate jurisdiction, composed of three judges each. The said courts in Philadelphia shall be designated respectively as the court of common pleas number one, number two, number three, number four, and number five, but the number of said courts may be by law increased, from time to time, and shall be in like manner designated by successive numbers. The number of judges in any of said courts, or in any county where the establishment of an additional court may be authorized by law, may be increased, from time to time, and whenever such increase shall amount in the whole to three, such three judges shall compose a distinct and separate court as aforesaid, which shall be numbered as aforesaid. In Philadelphia all suits shall be instituted in the said courts of common pleas without designating the number of the said court, and the several courts shall distribute and apportion the business among them in such manner as shall be provided by rules of court, and each court, to which any suit shall be thus assigned, shall have exclusive jurisdiction thereof, subject to change of venue, as shall be provided by law.

In the county of Allegheny all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the several numbered courts of common pleas shall be vested in one court of common pleas, composed of all the judges in commission in said courts. Such jurisdiction and powers shall extend to all proceedings at law and in equity which shall have been instituted in the several numbered courts, and shall be subject to such changes as may be made by law, and subject to change of venue as provided by law. The president judge of said court shall be selected as provided by law. The number of judges in said court may be by law increased from time to time. This amendment shall take effect on the first day of January succeeding its adoption.

A true copy of Resolution No. 3.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Four.

A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Amendment to Article Nine,
Section Eight.

Section 2. Amend section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:—

"Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation," so as to read as follows:—

Section 8. The debt of any county city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation, except that any debt or debts, hereinafter incurred by the city and county of Philadelphia for the construction and development of subways for transit purposes, or for the construction of wharves and docks, or the reclamation of land to be used in the construction of a system of wharves and docks, as public improvements, owned or to be owned by said city and county of Philadelphia, and which shall yield to the city and county of Philadelphia current net revenue in excess of the interest on said debt or debts and of the annual installments necessary for the cancellation of said debt or debts, may be excluded in ascertaining the power of the city and county of Philadelphia to become otherwise indebted: Provided, That a sinking fund for their cancellation shall be established and maintained.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 4.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

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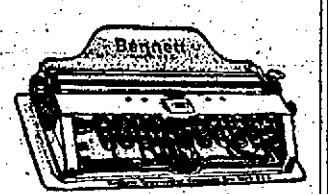

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Or telephone 149 or 40f, when you are in need of some good fresh fruit and vegetables.
Fine line for Easter—Such as Strawberries, Cucumbers, celery, etc., we will always have reasonable truck.
Watch this Space Next Week, I Can Save you Money.
C. H. Gleason